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By ELIZABETH TOWNE

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Practical Methods for Self Development

Spiritual Mental Physical

By ELIZABETH TOWNE

"The infinite always is silent;
It is only the finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.
We question with word of science,
Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in Meditation
The Mystery speaks to us."
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

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DEDICATED
TO YOU, SWEET HEART.

TO YOU.

I will leave all and come and make the hymns of you ;
None has understood you, but I understand you ;
None has done justice to you, you have not done justice to yourself ;
None but has found you imperfect, I only find no imperfection in you,
None but would subordinate you, I only am he who will never consent to subordinate you.
There is no endowment in man or woman that is not tallied in you,
There is no virtue, no beauty in man or woman, but as good is in you,
No pluck, no endurance in others, but as good is in you,
No pleasure waiting for others, but an equal pleasure waits for you.

—WALT WHITMAN.

I.

The Rising Tide and the House of Sand.

People wonder why they fail to make quick progress in the new thought; why they cannot "overcome" at a more rapid rate. It is for lack of consecration that they fail. Consecration is concentration, and one's progress in anything is governed by the degree of concentration, or consecration, he brings to bear. The half-hearted man attains success in nothing. The man who lives mental science at stated hours and lapses between times back to ordinary ways of living is no more "saved" than is the "Sunday Christian," who robs and oppresses his fellow creatures the remaining six days of the week.

Life is full of ups and downs, with more downs than ups until the individual has experienced enough to give him an absorbing passion for living right. The "lord his God" is a jealous God who brooks no dividing of his love. Until he is ready to leave houses,

lands, father, mother, wife, children and even his own ways of doing and thinking "the lord his God" can do little toward "saving" him.

Why, dearie, it is his houses, lands, father, mother, children, wives and ways *that he needs to be saved from.* And his "lord God," the highest of himself, cannot save him until he is ready to be saved.

The **trouble** with us is that we want to be saved *in* our mistakes, not *from* them. We want the unseen powers, the Law of Attraction, or God, to work *our* way. We are not willing at all to give up our way and make a business, nay, make it the passion of our lives to understand the Law and live it.

Well, the time will come to every soul when to know the Law and live it will be the absorbing passion. In the meantime he is free to go in and out and find pasture where he pleases. In one thing only is he not free; if he goes out of the Law for his pasture he must feed on stubble and stones. And no amount of weeping and wailing, agitation or supplication will transform his stubble and stones into joy and health-giving food.

And it is funny how blind we can be until we get our eyes open. We deliberately or ignorantly choose to go out of the Law for our pasture and then, when we find stubble and stones, we lift up our voices and

declare there is something wrong with the Law—"it won't work in my case"—"there are persons who can't be healed"—et cetera. When a cow jumps a fence she has good sense enough to get into better pasture, but a human being "can't see" why he can't jump any old fence and find better pasture. So he goes in and out—over the fence—and finds pasture more or less to his liking.

Until finally he gets his eyes open and borns an instinct for the right side of the fence.

To be happy, healthy, wealthy and wise a man must live according to the Law of his being, which is the Law of all beings and the universe at large. He is free to live according to the Law, or contrary to it, but he is not free to live contrary to the Law and yet reap happiness, health, wealth, wisdom, houses, lands, wives, mothers, fathers, children, "his own way," ten fold more in this present life, and in the time to come life everlasting.

If you can't get your way, if you have not the houses, lands and relations you would like, it is not a sign the Law is out of joint. It is only a sign you are on the wrong side of the fence. You are not living according to the Law of your being.

Every little unpleasant experience, every little curling of your solar plexus, is a shouting sign-board

that says "GET OUT OF THE STUBBLE AND STONE FIELDS!" The farther you get away from the Law of your being the larger grow the signs—the harder the experiences and stony feelings.

Read and heed the signs, "Back again to the way!"

What is the Law of being? Why, dearie, it is just *love*. "God is Love." The lord *thy* God is love. "God" is diminutive for "Good"—just as "Will" is diminutive of "William." The lord thy good is love. Love is good. Good is love. Love is the only good. Love is that which, when expressed, draws all good things to it. (Sounds like Mary Baker Eddy, doesn't it? But it is good sense just the same. Read it carefully—*absorb* it, and it will illuminate you.)

The Law of your being is LOVE.

If you want to be happy, healthy, wealthy and wise clear down to the little-est things, you must live Love clear down to the little-est things. To love one person devotedly is not enough. To love a dozen is not enough. To love a person and yet live in fault-finding with him is not enough. To love the whole world so you would give your body to be burned for it, and yet live condemning it and exhorting it, is not enough.

To live love is to see no evil to condemn.

"Oh, but," you exclaim, "evils are *facts*. How

can I help seeing them? It is a fact that my boy is wayward and my husband neglects me and I have not money enough to do with and my neighbor tells lies about me. How can I *help* seeing it all?"

Bless your dear, anxious heart, what are facts?

Nothing but children's sand forts on the beach, that the incoming tide levels again—ready for more forts and children. Facts are killing things; they are "the letter" that maketh not alive. Don't be a Gradgrind nor the son of a Gradgrind and you will not have such "Hard Times." If your son or husband or neighbor makes a crooked fort on the sands of time, what of it? Is there any reason for you to neglect your sand houses whilst you wring your hands over his?

Remember the rising tide, which will sweep *all* your forts, your "facts," to a common level and give you an opportunity to build better. The universal Love-tide is rising, rising, and you may safely trust it to sweep clear and clean everything which does not deserve immortality. And after your neighbor and husband and son and you have built enough sand houses; and lost them by the rising Love-tide; you will have learned better how to build, and where; and you will go away up and build on the rock.

Don't let "facts" get between you and the

TRUTH. The fact of today is not the fact of tomorrow. It is a "fact" that blood circulates in the living human body. Tomorrow or next day the fact may be that electric fluid circulates, instead of blood. Less than one hundred years ago it was an accepted "fact" that blood was stationary in the veins. So the doctor bled his patient carefully on both sides to keep the blood even!

Don't exaggerate the importance of "facts."

Remember the rising Love-tide of the universe and trust it to wash out all mistakes. I would say trust it to wash out all "evil," only there isn't any evil to wash out. The nearest approach to any "evil" is this habit of exaggerating "facts" until they get between you and the truth of your being, and your husband's and son's and neighbor's being. You can hug a "fact" until it will shut out the entire universe; just as a dime held close to the eye will obscure the sun. And if you persist in hugging "facts" so tightly you will not see where you are, and the rising Love-tide may sweep you to a level with the sand house "facts." Thus is the Pharisee rewarded.

Tend to your own sand houses.

And when the Love-tide rises over your building, never mind. Just get ready and build again.

It is building, and building again, that draws out

the wisdom which is trying to shine through you. The mere possession of the thing after you have finished it is nothing at all. No, it might even be a millstone around your neck, or a "fact" in your eye.

Just rejoice when the Love-tide sweeps things away, rejoice and go on building. Go on waking up and utilizing the new ideas gained from working on that last sand house. Become as a little child—dance around and shout for glee as the rising tide licks up your sand house and makes everything smooth for a better one and more fun.

The universal Love-tide is rising in every human soul—rising, rising, leveling, cleaning, making ready the soul for wiser building.

Your business is to *trust* the Love-tide in others; affirm it when you cannot see or feel it; be still and *know* that it is working there just the same; and turn your efforts upon your own work, to the end that the Love-tide be not hindered *in you.*

The Love-tide rises through the sun center or solar plexus of you, and flows out into all your body, and still outward through your aura or atmosphere where it touches that which rises through other people.

You can do much to obstruct the rising—for a time —by simply withholding love. Your solar plexus can be puckered up or let out. When it is let out love

flows unrestrained, you "feel good" and everybody who touches you "feels good." "Virtue hath gone out" of you—the rising Love-tide swells through you and sings and murmurs love-words in you.

But when you pucker your solar plexus ever so little you restrain the rising tide, which keeps pressing to come through. This contraction on your part, and pressure on the part of the Love-tide, makes you "feel bad." You are oppressed with the blues, and all sorts of emotional storms and electric displays are the consequence, proportionate in intensity to the degree of puckering you make. We speak of "oppressive weather" and then there is a thunder storm to clear it. Our personal atmosphere is subject to the same laws. An angry fit and then a "good cry" does for us what a thunder storm does for the earth's atmosphere—it breaks up the puckering and gives free action again to that rising Love-tide.

It is THOUGHT which holds the solar plexus puckering string. It is THOUGHT which draws it tight and makes you "feel bad." It is THOUGHT which lets out the draw string, admits the rising Love-tide and makes you "feel good."

Let-go-thoughts release the puckers and free the solar center to its normal, happy shining. *Resistance-*

thoughts keep puckering, puckering—until it takes a thunder storm to make you let go.

If you think a thing is good you automatically let go and let your Love-tide flow—outward through all your nerves, on out through your aura to all the world. The reason for this is that you are good, clear through from center to circumference, and when you recognize another good person or thing you recognize your affinity and you just naturally shine—you let love flow unobstructed.

But you hate and are more or less afraid of all which is not good. Consequently when you recognize any person or thing as not good you automatically pucker. You can't help it and never can—any more than you can live and not breathe.

To recognize a good thing frees you; to recognize a bad thing puckers you. And your feelings match to a hair's breadth.

It takes more than one evil recognized to pucker you to the verge of a thunder storm. Our thoughts in us are just like people in the world. A few people in the world have immense power to influence; a few thoughts that come to us have great power to influence us. A thought of fear has puckered a man until he died outright. Another thought of great good has

opened so suddenly the floodgates of love that the man couldn't bear the joy, and died.

But the great mass of our thoughts are like the great masses of people; it takes a lot of them, a mob, or a caucus, or the whole lot at the polls—to make any perceptible impression.

The most of our emotional storms and bad feelings come from piling on, one after another, a great mass of these common every-day thoughts. Each one makes such a little pucker that we don't notice it; but after a whole mob of these little thoughts have collected we feel a very decided and ugly pucker right in the "pit of the stomach," back of which lies the solar plexus and all the puckerings; we "feel depressed" or "bad," or "blue," or our "heart sinks." Then if just a few more unpleasant thoughts come and do each his little puckering, there is a mighty emotional storm—thunder, lightning and showers. Then we "feel better"—because we let go—had to—puckered so hard, with the Universal Love-tide pressing harder, that we couldn't stand it any longer.

Recognition of not-good puckers the solar plexus and we "feel bad."

Recognition of good lets out the puckers and we "feel better."

From this you will see that if we want always to

"feel good" we must recognize only good. You will never "feel good" and be a good mental scientist until you have swallowed and digested this idea: "EACH *thing in its place is best.*" Until you can bring all the happenings and people of your every-day life into this thought, and until you know that "each thing" is in its place, you will be more or less of a not-good scientist, and your feelings will match.

There is no use in my trying to reason you into knowing that "each thing in its place is best" and each thing is in its place. Tomes have been written upon this subject, and tomes more might still be written, and still you would neither understand nor apply the truth. One man's reasons are not the enlightener of another man's reason.

And yet the whole world recognizes that reason needs enlightenment. That enlightenment must come from the Universal Spirit witnessing with the individual spirit that any given proposition is true. Take those statements, "each thing in its place is best," and "each thing is in its place,"—take them into your consciousness and live with them. Hold them up before your mental eyes and wait patiently for the Spirit to illuminate your understanding. Set them up as King-thoughts within you, and let them rule until all your being, every tiny cell and atom, is con-

verted and cries out in spirit, *"Yes!* I see, I see—each thing *is* in its place and is best!" Just "hold the thought" and wait patiently until its spirit illumines you. *Those words are spirit and they are life.* LET them witness with your spirit and bring you to life. This is spiritual digestion.

Be still and know.

This is the only way to arrive at the stage of all-good recognition and all-good feeling.

The uneducated eye sees masses and misses details. It sees a mob as a mob, not as a collection of individuals. It sees a man as a two-legged creature; not as a collection of separate and distinct motives and purposes acting more or less in concert. So the person whose mental eye is not educated sees his thoughts only as they gather in mobs. His individual thoughts and attendant feelings entirely escape his notice. He doesn't know that there is almost a continuous stream of unpleasant recognitions passing through his mind, each giving a little pucker to his solar plexus. He has not noticed his thoughts as they passed. Only after each has made his little pucker until there has aggregated a great big pucker at his solar plexus does he notice that there is anything wrong.

Until we have arrived at a certain stage of development we live in a pucker and never know it. But we

wonder why we don't feel good and why we don't enjoy life.

Do you know that little feeling at the solar plexus is our highest conscience and an infallible guide to all good? It is the "Urim and Thummim" of intuition, the enlightener of reason and all objective life.

A little pucker means *think the opposite thing.* A big pucker means you have been thinking a lot of mistakes until a whole mob has gathered.

Sometimes a mob can be dispersed quickly, as when there is a thunder storm, but generally it slowly disperses, one pucker at a time, as you deny the thought that made the pucker. As long as you affirm the thought the pucker stays.

Remember, *it is always unpleasant thoughts* that pucker. Now there is nothing in all this beautiful world which is essentially unpleasant. It is the individual's point of view which makes him say one thing is pleasant and another is unpleasant. The point of view is always in himself. For instance, a reeking compost heap is a pleasant sight to a good farmer, but a city dandy steps gingerly past it with tilted nose and curling lip. The farmer sees latent possibilities and rejoices—lets out a pucker. The dandy sees only a reeking fact and curls his solar plexus a little tighter.

Everything and everybody has two points of view,

the real and the ideal. We can see the real only, and either expand or pucker ourselves over it, according to whether we want or don't want it at this particular time and place, or we can see the person or thing as a potentiality of beauties yet to manifest, and thus find in it cause for expansion, rejoicing—cause for loving.

If we cannot always feel with the potential side of him, we can at least try to feel with it. And we can always affirm it.

And every one of these little affirmations lets out a pucker in our solar plexus. We have only to repeat the affirmation times enough to let them all out and stand forth free, a veritable glowing sun of love, a joy to ourselves and to all others.

It takes a tremendous pucker and a thunder storm to turn the heedless or ignorant one from the error of his way. And then he is only turned for the moment. Back he goes on to the same old track.

But he learns. And when once his attention is turned in the right direction, when he lets all the puckers out and sets himself to "walk softly" and guard against even a tiny new one—when once he realizes the joy of free loving of all things and people —it becomes the passion of his life to keep his light shining. It becomes the passion of his life to consult

and obey the "Urim and Thummim" oracles of good in his own solar plexus—soul-ar center. Where it once took whole mobs of unpleasant thoughts and consequent puckers to call his attention to the mistakes of his thinking, it now takes but one little false thought to make pucker enough to call him back to the way of right thinking. He is learning to "walk softly" before his God, and take notice of little things, of details, instead of tearing heedlessly along until little things aggregate in some great "evil" of depression or emotional storm.

This is refinement. It is true sensitiveness to the spirit within. The new sensitiveness leads to absolute freedom from puckers, because it is sensitiveness on the God side of us. The old sensitiveness led to innumerable and multiplied puckers, because it was on the outside of us and made us cringe and curl back upon ourselves.

Keep letting go, letting go, and affirming Good, until you get every last pucker out of your solar plexus.

Then you will be sensitive to its intuitions. "Walk softly" and you will detect and deny every mistaken thought as it presents itself, and thus will you live always in soul-shine and joy—instead of puckers. And gradually these old mistaken race beliefs of evil will disappear from you and all your environment.

It is the only way. Eternal consecration to good is the price of freedom and joy and life abundant and eternal.

Pucker not over thine own or another's houses of sand, but remember the rising Love-tide. Let it into thine own soul-ar center.

Be still and know the I AM GOOD in everything.

Is your solar plexus curled up and you don't know why? Never mind trying to find the particular mistaken thoughts that made the puckers. Just set to work and loosen the puckers. Perhaps there is someone who is particularly trying to you, or some work particularly distasteful. You may safely guess it is the things you've been thinking about them that have shriveled you so. Now call them up before you and remember their good points. Enumerate them to yourself, one by one. Hunt for them—even if you have to use a microscope to find them. Then lump them all together in your thought and say, "You are *good*—you ARE. I *love* you. I LOVE you. I LOVE YOU!" Say it *hard,* and say it over and over. Do this at night and go to sleep on it. You will be amazed at the good will you will feel toward those people and things in the morning. You will wonder how you ever managed to see so many faults in them yesterday, and you will feel as kind and loving as can be. Further-

more, you will find all your work go along as smoothly as can be. All because your sun is shining.

After you have gone to sleep this way a few nights you will find it become easier and easier to do, and all your work and daily relations will be easier and easier. Not only your soul-light will shine, but everybody's else will begin to peep out, from sympathy.

Your solar plexus is probably stiff to begin with, like any long-contracted muscle. That is why you can't loose all the puckers with a word, but must repeat your statements over and over, with vigor, and then go to sleep into the bargain, before you can feel the soul center expand. But as you keep practicing you will find your solar plexus respond more and more readily, until you can let out the puckers almost with a word and two or three slow, full breaths.

And always remember that an ounce of prevention is worth whole pounds of cure. *Be kind*, and puckers won't come. Walk softly. Handle things gently, lovingly. Try to feel with them. Remember that all eternity is before you. There's plenty of time.

There's the Love-tide, rising, rising.

Let it rise.

II.

To Decide Quickly and Well.

"I want to be able to decide *quickly*, feeling the decision to be right, and not regretting same later." L. B.

The habit of indecision is due to the habit of conscious interference with the functions of the subconscious self. Indecision is peculiar to the very materialistic person, or rather, to the person who is passing through the materialistic stage of development, whose sole reliance is placed upon the visible and conscious world. When he says "I" he thinks only of that which is contained "between his hat and his shoes," but principally of that which lies directly under his hat. He thinks his judgment is about all there is to him. So he tries to weigh every little thing as well as every great thing, and to decide which is right. And finds himself oftener wrong than right; which adds to the difficulty of the next decision.

If you pass him the fruit he simply can't decide which "will be best for him." And eventually he can't even tell which he prefers! If it is a question of what to wear he is in a worse dilemma. There are

so many "ifs" to be weighed in each balance before the decision can be made. Shall he go down town now, or wait until later? It is "later" before his decision is made. Then it is still later before he can decide whether, or not, to take an umbrella.

Such a man wears his nerves to tatters trying to decide the trivial things in life; when it comes to matters of real importance he simply can't decide. Somebody must do it for him. He is so weighed down with remembrance of the trivial things he decided wrong that he dares not decide this important matter.

And this man is always one of the intelligent and good men who can do things, who have no bad habits and who are anxious always to do right. They are so anxious that they overdo the thing. For every time the ordinary "sinner" falls short of the mark of exact righteousness this good and anxious man overshoots the mark twice!

Note the opposite of the painstaking, conscientious fellow—the happy-go-lucky, healthy "animal" man. This man bears a charmed—and charming—life. Everybody is attracted to him, for he has no cares and is consequently always ready with a jolly. The world loves a jolly—it greases the wheels of progress in any and all directions. The world passes the

"animal" man the fruit dish and it never fazes him. Whilst the other man's face puckers into an anxious frown in the attempt to decide whether an apple or a pear would disagree least with his internal economy, the "animal" man takes 'em both!—and flings you back a quip that makes the world wish it had more to offer.

The first man is lean and anxious; and he expects nothing less than that the "animal" man will be blasted for his reckless disregard of "nature's laws," etc. Not so; the "animal" man is fat and prosperous, with a heart at leisure to jolly his way through life. And maybe through death too—who knows?

A little self-consciousness is a dangerous thing. That is the trouble with the man who spends his life trying to decide—and regretting his decisions afterward.

The "animal" man is not self-conscious at all. He lets his appetites decide for him, and his mind and heart are free for the enjoyment of all that comes. He is a typical Adam in the garden of Eden, and to save your life you can't help admiring and loving the strength and readiness and sunshiness of him, no matter how much you may disapprove of some of his acts. Your heart naturally warms to him, as your body does to the sun; for he is alive with the Love of Life.

The man of indecisions is more "advanced" than the animal man; he has been driven by his developing intelligence from the garden of Eden, and is wandering in the Wilderness trying to "decide" what is "good" and what is "bad."

By and by his self-consciousness will grow up and he will find he has traveled in a circle and come back to the garden of Eden.

A little self-consciousness.—

All a man's brains are not contained in his hat. All a man's power of judgment and decision is not in his skull. There are brains distributed all over his body—far more brain, in bulk, than can be found in his head. Not only this, but every cell of his body has a brain of its own. The body is all brain. Not a portion of it but knows how to weigh and judge whatever facts are related to it. It is the province of the digestive organs not only to take care of the food given it, but to decide what food is best. The "animal" man's conscious mind—the brain under his hat—has nothing to do with his decision to take both apple and pear. His digestive brain makes the decision, unconsciously to himself—to his conscious mind.

The Wilderness man interferes with the action of at least ninety-five per cent of his brains, which are in

his body. He tries with his little five per cent conscious mind to boss his whole life and all its decisions. No wonder he is dead tired mentally. No wonder he can't "let go." No wonder he develops nervous prostration.

The "animal" man lets each function of his body use its own brains and make its own decision, whilst his five per cent conscious mind, and all his body, enjoys the results. He does all this without thinking about it. "Thinking" is done by the five per cent conscious mind.

The fully developed man will do just as the "animal" man does; except that he will know what he is doing, and why.

Now I have talked about the body because every man who is afflicted as L. B. is, is a materialist and wants something tangible to pin his faith to. But I want to impress it upon every reader that the brains of your head and body are but the smallest part of the brains you have to depend upon.

About you is an aura which contains still finer brains and nerves than any in your head or body.

And outside your aura are the still finer brains and nerves commonly called "God," which are yours for the asking. Or, rather, they are yours for the trusting.

Through these highest and finest brains and nerves you are connected with every other human being. The man who leaves his higher decisions to the God-brains of us will be "led aright." It is not necessary for you to decide to go see a certain man today, only to find him gone, or out of humor for your proposition. The God-brain of you knows where the man is, and what his humor. The God-brain impresses you to go or stay. Unless you have accustomed your little five per cent conscious mind to interfere with the God-mind impressions you will know instantly, and without thinking, just what to do. Religionists call this being "led by the Spirit." I want you to know that it is a real thing, to be depended upon in the tiniest and most trivial affairs of life, as well as in the most important. This God-mind of you is the God-mind of me, and of every other being; and it is the particular part of our wonderful selves which knows what to do, and when, and how, in all those things in which are involved people or things outside our physical bodies.

There are brains to take care of each and all functions within the body—brains of whose workings we are not conscious and with whose decisions it is most foolish to interfere.

Around our bodies are the aural brains which, all unconsciously to us (i. e., our five per cent conscious

selves) weigh and judge of matters which come within range of our senses of sight, smell and hearing, but not in range of touch or taste.

And over all is the Universal Mind in which we live and move and by which we exist, and which is intelligent enough and loving enough and big enough to lead us all right, each for his own best good, and for the good of all others.

Now all these different departments of mind (or brains), focalize at that little five per cent conscious brain of you, which has the power of interfering with and upsetting the workings of these other and larger brains of your being.

All these other departments of you have but one way of speaking to your conscious mind; they impress it to do thus, or so. The man who follows his impressions, as does the "animal" man, is led aright. The fully developed man will follow his impressions and his life will run on well oiled tracks.

To every human being his sub-conscious and super-conscious minds send the right impressions. The fault lies in the little conscious five per cent mind, which gets too busy to receive the impressions.

To be still mentally is the key to the whole thing.

To be still physically is the greatest aid to mental stillness; hence the value of relaxation and silence

hours. "Be still and know the I Am-God," is a scientific injunction, and must be heeded by him who would receive correct impressions on any line.

Besides this, the man of indecision must practice decision on the little things of life. When the fruit is passed he must take one before he has time to think. Then he must stick to it that his sub-conscious self made the right decision. No matter what the results he must not allow himself to question that decision—not even if he has to stamp his foot and shout, "It was right—it was!"—in order to scatter the doubts. After which he should run quick and get interested in something else.

This is the course he should religiously pursue until he sets the habit of quick decision—of deciding without thinking (thinking, mind you, is the little dinkey business of that impotent five per cent of you), and trusting his impressions as correct.

Oh, at first he will seem to make mistakes; but after a few months' practice he will find "mistakes" far fewer. Eventually there will be none. And, oh, the relief to that poor little burdened five per cent self!

Be still and know.

III.

Expansion.

"I've been practicing your suggestion about 'thinking money,' and have succeeded in seeing and counting out any stated number of bills of any denomination that I decide on. It occurred to me that wanting that money, without giving an equivalent, was beggarly if not thievish; so I tried a plan of my own for mining my own resources. I stated in definite words the things I can do well enough to have a market value. I thought at first there was nothing. But taking things *separately* was surprised to find so many. Kept thinking of new ones—little things—if nothing more than teaching fractions—or polishing a window pane—and not considering whether I liked the work or not. It was like gymnastics for refreshing one's feelings—I'll give you the copyright of the idea."

Good idea. Practice any sort of thinking which will raise you in your own estimation without pulling down the other fellow.

But never define your value to the world and set a fixed price upon it. Never say to yourself, "I can do only such and such things well, and at best they are only worth so much." This small measuring of things is what limits us. The real truth is that *every bit of money in the world is* YOURS; just as every bit of blood in the body belongs to every individual cell; just as all the air in the world belongs to every indi-

vidual and thing. You can have all the money or air you can possibly use, and you can have it without impoverishing anybody else. Money circulates. The more pocket books it fills, and the fuller it fills them, the better for the whole world. Money flows, like blood; and as blood carries all needful and useful things to every atom in the body, so money carries all needful and useful things to every human atom. Just as we breathe air, taking it in and giving it out again, so we should breathe money.

The only thing that keeps us from taking plenty of either money or air is fear. We are so curled up with fear of multitudinous things, seen and unseen, that we don't half breathe with our lungs or our purses either.

We take in breath or money by expanding. We force out air or money by contracting. The trouble with us is that we are afraid to expand. We try to bring our ideas and our wants all down to a smaller scale. We are afraid to take in big thoughts and ideas, lest we be disappointed. We are afraid to expect more than a couple of dollars or so a day. So we stay contracted and the money can't get into our purses.

Wake up. Expand. Take deep, full breaths of

air, and your mind and purse expand in sympathy with your lungs.

Think big. Value yourself. Consider yourself worth *all* the money in circulation, and all that's yet in the bowels of the earth besides.

You own all you can take in; and YOUR THOUGHT is the place to take it in.

Money is *really* as free as air. Take it in by knowing that it is yours.

The world is catching an inkling of this truth. Prices are going up. The miner is learning that he has just as good a right to big pay as the mine boss has. By and by he will realize that he is worth just as much to the world as any other man. And the other man will realize it too. *The time is surely coming when a miner will be as flush with money as any trust president who ever lived. And he will have as much time in which to do as he pleases. This is* prophecy, and *you will see it come true.* Edward Bellamy was no visionary; he, too, was a prophet, a sure one. The wildest dreams of socialism are prophecy.

The miner who digs out coal is exactly as valuable to this world as J. Pierpont Morgan is, or Andrew Carnegie; he has the same God-given right to all the

air, water and money he can use. What is more, he is coming into his right.

The Morgans and Carnegies are giving him of their surplus; they are giving what they have learned to take in, but which the miner has not yet learned to take.

And the miner is waking up to a glimmer of gumption as to his own value and power.

There'll be wars and rumors of war, but the end will be peace and plenty for every soul. All things are working together for opulence.

Wake up and stretch yourself. Yawn. Take long, full breaths of air and money and glory. All you desire is YOURS NOW. Take it in mentally and work it out physically.

The man who knows his value to the world, the man who knows he is worth all the money there is, and that the world is more than willing to give it; —such a man loves to do his best for the world. He gives freely, joyously, of his energy, mental and physical. He never counts hours and minutes. He doles out nothing. He gives himself graciously, like the king he is.

Therefore he develops from within himself more energy and wisdom and power. His best is ever

leading to something better, and to his progress there is no end. And his joy is like unto it.

But the narrow-contracted, self-depreciated man is paralyzed mentally and physically. He never half tries. He is an anti-expansionist who stagnates in his own little corner. He gives as little as he can and the world reflects his grudging-ness.

Get out of the dumps. Expand. Head up, shoulders back, chest out, backbone stiff. All the money there is is yours, in free payment for the best you can do. Go do it with joy.

IV.

Realization in Detail.

"Help me to a state of realization" is an oft repeated cry. What is realization? I asked William that question and he answered, "It is the proof of things, I suppose." Realization is not theory but *proof* of theory. New-thought-ers are continually crying out for "realization" without understanding its nature, and without having any definite idea *what* they want to realize.

To accomplish anything in this world requires definiteness of purpose. A man cannot throw brick and mortar aimlessly and make a house. Neither can he sling "new thought" any old way and create "realization." But brick and mortar and thought can be used according to specifications for the erection of real mansions; mansions made with hands, or mansions not made with hands. In either case the mansions are the "realization"—the making real, or tangible, that which before was but visionary, intangible.

All tangible things are realizations. The world and

all that is in it, and the starry heavens, are *real.* All matters of experience are real.

But dreams, visions, theories, are intangible, unrealized.

This does not mean that intangible things are not substantial. On the contrary, visions, dreams, theories, ideals, *are the only substance there is.* Sub means under; stance, to stand; substance is that which *stands under,* as the foundation. Dreams, theories, ideals, are the *solid foundations* upon which rest the whole tangible universe and all experience. "Such stuff as dreams are made of," indeed! Dream stuff supports all worlds and peoples, and even time itself. Dream stuff is the only substance—the only foundation.

But what good is a foundation without a superstructure? Realization is the beautiful mansion which is building on the solid rock of the ideal—the beautiful, only-substance, dream-stuff Ideal.

Now we are getting down to a working basis. The Universal Ideal, the One Ideal, of which the universe is the realization, is the Great Foundation. You and I and all creatures are workmen, each one busy with his part of the One Great Superstructure. Each has his part and place in the building, and not one can be spared or substituted by another.

The Universal Architect, like the individual one,

has his great general plans, and besides this he gets out what are called "specifications." That is, he draws in detail the plan for each separate part of the building. Each workman works from some special part of these plans. He sticks to that carefully, patiently, persistently, until he has made his work look exactly like the specifications. If he is a good workman he takes pride in being accurate and he rejoices in his progress in making real his detailed plan. He does not go running about interfering with other workmen. He knows they, too, have their specifications to work from, and he knows it is the business of the Architect to look after and correct, if need be, each workman. So he tends strictly to his own business of making real his own particular specifications.

Now, dearie, every human being has his own particular specifications for working. Just as the Great General Plans are the Universal Ideals, so *your* specifications are *your* Ideals. Your business in life (and if you *get interested* in it, it will be your *pleasure* in life) is to make real your own individual Ideals. Now, just as a carpenter cannot real-ize his specifications in a bunch, or in a day or week, so *you* cannot attain "realization" in a lump, nor in a day or week, nor without *work*. But you can *grow* realization by sticking to details day after day.

For instance, suppose you are a "poor girl" dependent upon the one unfailing source, yourself, for support. You greatly desire a musical education and career. There is a wide difference between your *realization* as a shop girl and your Ideal as a musician, just as there is a wide difference between the carpenter's realization of shapeless lumber and nails, and his Ideal specifications.

But what of it? Recognize your Ideal and your ability to work it out—to real-ize it. Begin where you are now, today, and make every stroke tell in preparing you for the next stage. The Great Architect, the Law of Attraction, has put you in exactly the right place to begin on, has given you exactly the right specifications or Ideals to work out, *and your material lies in profusion all about you, visible and invisible, to be used at will.* Use it to the best of your ability *now* and *here,* and under these already real-ized conditions. Do the same tomorrow and the next day, always affirming that you are *working out your ideal,* working *toward* your ideal.

Believe in your ability to work it all out in due time. Belief is not faith, it is the *root* of faith. To believe is to *affirm* and ACT as if you had faith. To believe is to "assume a virtue if you have it not."

And faith and feeling soon fall into line with belief, and the "virtue" comes into *real*-ization. See?

Thoughts and acts are the material with which you build realization. If you shape your thoughts against realizing what you desire, then you are not building.

Every affirmation adds to realization.

Every denial subtracts from realization. In other words, every denial of your ideal and your ability to reach it simply fixes you more firmly in your present state of realization.

Affirm your power. Affirm your ideal.

Work for it.

To affirm is literally to *make firm*. See that your thoughts are not shaped to make firm what you want to outgrow. Watch your thoughts and put them into your Ideal building.

Keep at it. In a year from now you can look back and by comparison see how much faith and will and steadiness of purpose you have gained. All that is built into your realization. You have accomplished great things. Go on. In due time you will find yourself in musical circles—your Ideal realized.

What do you want to realize? Love to all people and things? Affirm it. Never mind feelings. Affirm love, all to yourself. If there is something or somebody or other you particularly dislike call it or him

up mentally and say over and over to him, "I love you, I *love you,* I LOVE *you!* You are *good*—you ARE!" Say it over a dozen times—*hard*—stamp your foot and *say* it. All in your mind. Keep your lips closed, breathe fully, and say the words distinctly and emphatically in your mind. Then go about your business.

Next time you think about that hateful person he will not ruffle you so badly as usual. Good! Tell him he is good and you love him some more. Be *positive* about it. Keep at this practice and in a short time you will find yourself radiating *Good* Will instead of ill will, when you think of him. It is this sort of *special* practice which grows "realization." Keep at it. Send out love, *love;* instead of curling up with dislike. Let your love shine on just and unjust.

You can grow realization of anything in heaven or earth, by affirming it and acting it as well as you can.

Go in to win and stick to it.

V.

To Free Your Soul.

"My age is rendering my mind sluggish, and I can't think clearly and remember as I would like to." E. M.

Cart before the horse; "age" is not the cause of a sluggish mind; *a sluggish mind is the cause of old age.* A sluggish mind is a lazy mind; made lazy by burdens and non-use.

The body is the burden of the mind—the self-made burden.

Mind is soul; omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent. Mind is that ethereal energy in which the body lives, and which lives in the body; that energy which creates and re-creates the body, which builds and unbuilds the body at will. Mind is the free energy which is the real self of us all. In it our bodies live and move and have their being, and by it we live and move and are.

Mind takes a tiny speck of amoeba—a mere point of consciousness; mind tosses this speck around and about, draws to it other specks of protoplasm (other points of consciousness); mind plays with them

lightly, easily, almost unconsciously, organizing, building, binding, circulating; and behold a baby—a soft, sweet thing without thought of burden—a tender, almost fluid body through which mind loves to *play,* and with which mind loves to play. No "sluggishness" in a baby; its body is very little burden to itself.

And yet in a way it is a burden; it is a sort of anchoring point to keep mind from making too wild a flight; but an anchor not too heavy to move at will.

But mind keeps on growing its anchor, and by and by, if it is not very careful, its anchor becomes too heavy to be readily moved. Then, instead of saying, "My *body* is too heavy to be easily moved," some of us say "My *mind* is sluggish."

The mind is never sluggish. It is the same free ethereal energy it was when you were young, and when the universe itself was but a baby. Your *body* is growing too dense, too heavy, to be readily used by mind.

The brain is an organ through which mind plays. The nerves are mind-made highways and byways over which mind runs to exercise itself. Muscles and bone are simply beaten tracks where mind has long played.

The brain is a condenser of mind into thought; just as the window pane on a cold morning is a condenser of vapor into steam.

As the steam grows heavier on the cold window it trickles downward in tiny streams of water which channel the pane. As mind condenses into thought on brain area it trickles away through nerve channels—away to its work of making and unmaking according to its quality every cell and atom in the human body—away and away through nerve channels and capillaries, and on out through our millions of skin-gateways, the pores—on and on to cleanse or contaminate, to raise or lower the temperature of our own personal atmosphere—and still on, to be felt by other lives whose development happens to be akin to ours.

The secret of eternal youth and brightness of mental action is the secret of childhood—the secret of a clean, active body, a body through which mind may play freely. Mind is eternally young. Only its instrument, the body, grows old; grows stiff with beaten tracks, and burdened with unnecessary matter.

Scientists tell us from actual observation that bones grow hard with lime deposits, and that the cells of old bodies contain a sediment which must be to the cells at least a burden, if not a positive poison. And we need no scientist to tell us that there are too many cells or too lazy ones, in a wrinkled skin.

What is commonly called a "sluggish mind" is simply a burdened body; a body whose nerves do not

afford free play for the mind. Nerves are hollow tubes in which lie a sort of delicate jelly which is the medium of thought transmission. This almost fluid substance is the most delicate matter in creation. It is easy to see how layers of unnecessary fat, or half-dead cells, or other unnecessary matter would crowd these nerve highways and interfere with the free play of mind through this delicate substance.

What is matter? Simply mind fixed; mind which has played in definite directions until it has made channels in itself and for itself. As steam, water, ice are all one, so are mind and matter one; so are mind and body one.

All bodies tend toward fixity; and fixity is death. All mind tends toward fixity; toward following channels of thought. An entirely new thought simply makes a new channel in which succeeding thoughts are only too ready to run; to run until the channel is a beaten track; to run until from its own deposits the nerve channels are choked and cut off.

Even in a wrinkled, stiff, clogged, almost ossified body, mind still plays—plays until it rends the beaten tracks asunder—until it disintegrates that which it has too stiffly integrated. Death itself is life; it is the work of mind which has made its play a serious matter; it is mind's destruction of its too unwieldy

anchor; it is mind's destruction of its cramped quarters—quarters too cramped for play.

Mind must have play, even if it has to work at death to get it.

Mind is the only power in heaven or earth or hell. It builds its own body, and when it has ceased to be satisfied with a body it vacates—to play elsewhere. Perhaps it leaps to better environment and builds a new body. I fancy it does; and that it has always been doing so; and will continue until it succeeds not only in making beautiful child bodies through which it can freely play; it will continue until it discovers the secret of keeping its bodies soft and sweet, beautiful and mobile—ideal homes to play in, to dream in, to love in.

And I believe mind is discovering in this very century the secret of eternal youth and beauty. I suspect that already it has discovered the principle, and probably some of its practical applications.

How are we to keep the body a satisfactory playground for mind? That is the gist of it all. And the key has been with us at least 2,000 years—maybe longer; why Jesus had it—"*except you become as a little child*"—"of such is the kingdom of heaven"—"heaven is *within* you"—heaven, where sin, sickness and death are not. The key is here;—heaven, child-

hood, is *within,* waiting, pressing, urging to *get out into your body;* and your body is too clogged, too stiff, too dull, too hardened, too burdened, to receive it.

What makes your body hard and dull and burdened? It is clogged with dead or half-dead matter; *which is dead or half-dead thought.* Remember, *all* is mind. Your body is made of thought—of condensed mind. And the food you eat is made of thought—of condensed mind.

And condensed mind is mind on the way to death. The mind needs enough condensed mind to afford substantial channels for its play. But our bodies grow *too* substantial, too condensed.

How to stop the hardening process at the right point:—that is the problem. Let us go to the child again. The child lives in the Now. Its little troubles slip away and leave it still enjoying the Now. It carries no mental burdens or grudges. Its mind is free, and plays straight through its troubles and on to the next thing; while our grown-up minds habitually pick up the troubles and grudges and carry them along.

This is no fancy; it is literal, exact truth. *Every cell in the human body is the incarnation of an idea.* The child-mind lets go its burdens and troubles—*it does not incarnate them in its body;* while we grown-

ups hang on to every burden and grudge and thus incarnate it.

And the ridiculous and yet portentous part of it is that we consider it a virtue to do this! I well remember how ashamed I used to be because I couldn't grow pale and wan and feel continuously heart-broken over my troubles! I thought I must be very light minded and shallow! As if to be *light*-minded were not *life itself,* and the very greatest of virtues.

We make heavy, stiff bodies by incarnating heavy, stiff ideas. A child incarnates bright, interesting ideas, and is therefore light-minded—*life*-minded.

Lightness and life are one.

Heaviness and death are one.

Now, our food has something to do with the incarnating of ideas. Just what becomes of assimilated food nobody yet knows. It may be that cells are made of food; it may be that they only "use" food, as Brown says. I fancy cells "use" food exactly as we use it—however that may be. I suspect we really take the soul, the highest of its "vibrations," the least dense part of itself, the "energy," from what we eat; much as fire takes the soul or energy from wood. And as the fire leaves an ash so our digestion leaves an ash, which must be got rid of if we would keep diges-

tion in good order. Neither a choked digestion nor a choked stove will run well.

Notice the child again. When the mind *plays* the body is active. A baby is never still. All its running and playing *shakes down the ashes.* This keeps its body clean. Active physical exercise keeps the lungs going too. Oxygen is necessary to combustion, either in a stove or a digestive apparatus. Physical activity turns on the damper. The fires burn more freely; *energy is released faster and incarnation of ideas progresses faster.* All this is "normal" in a child; that is, incarnation of ideas and decarnation of ideas are balanced, and the cremated material is well cast out.

In us grown-ups there is much ash and there are many dead cells which should be cast out. We exercise far less than a child does, we breathe less, *we eat as much or more;* consequently elimination falls behind assimilation. There are ash deposits, lime deposits, uric acid deposits literally at every turn—all for the want of a good shaking down and opening of dampers. We call it "constipation" or "indigestion" or "rheumatism," or some other long name.

I wonder why physical activity is such pleasure to a child and such *hard work* to a grown-up. I think I know why. A child's cells are incarnations of happy

interested ideas; so alive that they not only are easy to move, but they *impel* motion. You know yourself that when you feel particularly happy you immediately look about for something to *do* or somewhere to go. Interested, happy thoughts incarnate in cells that simply can't keep still. They delight in stirring about and cleaning out the ashes. No dirty sediment in happy cells.

But a very great majority of the cells in grown-ups are the incarnations of "must" and "trouble" and "grudge" ideas. And you know very well what effect such ideas have on you as a whole; you feel disheartened and "imprisoned," and you just want to sit and brood about it; you don't want to move, even.

A large majority of the cells in grown-ups feel that way all the time; so grown-ups find it an effort to exercise vigorously and breathe fully. And every day they incarnate more unhappy ideas in more heavy, lazy cells and physical effort grows more and more of an effort; so much of an effort that they begin to talk about "saving their strength" because they are "growing old." And all the time it is "saving their strength" which is making them grow old—which is shutting off the dampers and leaving the ashes to clog the fires of life.

And they keep on eating as much as ever, giving

the fires as much fuel as ever; but failing to clean out the ash. The result is a so-called "sluggish mind," old age, death—besides all manner of disease.

I have no doubt that in time we shall be able to maintain a balance between elimination and assimilation with less exercise than a child uses; but if we do we shall have to cut off at least three-quarters of our food supply, besides seeing to it that our cells incarnate at least a good majority of happy, interested ideas instead of dull, stupid, unhappy ones.

In order to turn the tide of old age we must do a lot of things. It will not pay to neglect *any* means of growing young and balanced. We need to work from both ends of being; to incarnate the best of thought only, and *to give it the freest conditions for incarnation.* A clogged body does not afford ideal conditions for incarnation.

For a "sluggish mind" or diseased body the quickest, surest cure is to cut off the food supply, shake down the ashes vigorously and use the lung bellows with a will. And at the same time drink plenty of water to flush out the sediment.

You see, the strong, *alive* cells will survive this starving process, while the lazy, stupid, half-dead ones will either wake up and grow strong and useful and happy, or they will starve to death and be cast ou

of the body. A nation which spends its time in feasting is soon wiped out; a body full of too well fed cells will soon rot in its own excesses. But nations or cells which have to hustle a bit or starve, are the ones who grow strong—and eliminate the weak.

Cells which incarnate bright, happy ideas are strong and positive; while cells which incarnate weak, unhappy ideas are always negative and weak. *It is these latter cells which perish when food supply is cut off.* Only the strong, lively cells remain. This accounts for the fact noted by every one who tries fasting—the fact that fasting seems to increase both mental and physical activity. Why should it not?—the stupid, weak, unhappy cells were crowding the strong ones and preventing free action. Starve them out, and the strong cells, incarnations of strong, happy, active ideas, quickly express themselves in happy activity, mental and "physical."

These stupid, weak cells are not gathered in one part of the body, you know. They are spread around everywhere in layers and coteries; brain, nerves, capillaries, arteries, veins, muscular tissue—each has its own burdens of hanger-on cells; just as each community in the world has its burden of shiftless paupers who live at the expense of others. As the world is made up of but two classes, those who lift and those

who shop-lift—"those who lift and those who lean" —so the body is made up of two sorts of cells, those which lift themselves and us, and those which lean on, and crowd, and sap the energy of neighboring cells—and ourselves.

And it is the leaners, the paupers, the useless hangers-on, which perish first when food supply is cut off. The strong wake up and hustle enough to live on. The strong survive.

Don't you know how stupid you feel after a heavy meal? Haven't you noticed how much more active lean people are than fat ones—how much more work they can accomplish with ease? Haven't you noted in history that the people who did the most good in the world were all abstemious as to diet? Haven't you noticed that all prophets and messiahs were great fasters? Don't you remember how Esdras, when he prayed for spiritual enlightenment, was told he could not receive it until he had lived a long time without food less ethereal than the blossoms of wild flowers? Imagine wild rose leaves as a steady diet! Don't you remember how Jesus prepared himself for his supreme temptation—by a forty days' fast? Don't you remember how he fasted before Gethsemane? Haven't you noticed that most of the world's greatest teachers, artists, musicians, were so poor they lived on the

ragged edge of starvation whilst doing their greatest works, and how afterward when the world lavished its feasts upon them they ceased to do mighty works? Don't you know how Tolstoi lives—how he sits down at his wife's banquet and eats black bread and porridge? Do you remember the beautiful things Bret Harte wrote when he was a hard-working, ill-fed miner in the wilds of California, and the idiotic drivel he ground out in Boston while being feted daily as a lion and all-around jolly fellow? These are just a few of the innumerable straws which show the way the winds of inspiration blow.

If you want high thinking, vital energy, power, wisdom, love, inspiration, beauty, eternal youth and joy, begin by low living.

It's easy if you really want what you profess to want. If you really want an active, inspired mind you will try anything that even promises it. What are a few faint feelings when you really want a thing? Poof!—less than nothing!

And yet we all want the minimum of uncomfortable feelings. Do you wish to know how to starve out the cumbering cells of your body with a minimum of uncomfortable feelings? I'll tell you.

The principle is this: *Begin on easy things and stick to them until they are habitual.*

Begin by leaving off one meal a day; preferably breakfast. At the breakfast *keep away from the table,* but drink slowly a full glass of water, hot or cold as you prefer; and take twenty or thirty slow, full, even breaths of *outdoor* air, affirming mentally with each inhalation, I AM (think of yourself and the universal I AM as *One*); holding the breath a moment; and affirming LOVE as you very slowly exhale.

Whenever you happen to feel "faint" before your noon meal is ready take a few more sips of water and a few more full breaths of *outdoor* air, with affirmations. Never *strain* the breaths; make them as full and long as you can *easily.* Practice will make them longer and fuller. Turn your mind resolutely away from the idea of food, *by getting interested in what you have to do.* The idler will suffer a thousand pangs to one felt by the person who gets busy.

When your noon meal comes do not allow yourself to eat quite as much as usual (this will be far easier than you think) and take particular pains to *enjoy* every mouthful and to chew it *very* thoroughly.

Keep at this *every* morning. Every permitted backsliding weakens your will and character, and postpones the formation of the new habit you are trying to form. In a few days you will have no ill feelings and in a few weeks you will cease even

to remember such a thing as a morning meal. Not only this but you will begin to feel better than ever, and be able to work with greater ease and pleasure.

Then you are ready to form still another habit. Drop out *all three* meals, using water and breathing as directed above. That is, take no food from six o'clock one evening until noon the second day after—a thirty-six-hour fast. Then live as usual for a week, and repeat. Fast the same day each week, thus making use of the law of periodicity or rhythm. The "Mazdaznans" fast every Friday.

Of course, the first thirty-six-hour fast will bring more or less weak and wobbly feelings; which can be minimized by frequent sips of water and full breaths of *outdoor* air. The second week's fast will prove easier, the third still easier. About the third or fourth week you will begin to feel *better* and more active and light mentally and physically, *than on the days when you are not fasting.* You will have formed the habit of fasting; you will have begun to reap its benefits in increased mental and physical vigor and joy. Your body cells will begin to *glory* in this weekly house-cleaning day. That is what it is—a temple cleaning day. Released from the old daily grind of disposing of three meals, the digestive system learns to use that day of freedom for *cleaning out the corners*

just as *you* take occasion to clean out things when John goes away for a day or two, leaving you without that three-meal-a-day grind. And how pleased you are at the release from routine (even though you *are* sorry John is away), and what *satisfaction* you find in washing up the dust-laden things on the top shelves, ridding up the tumbled closets and dresser drawers and making things spick and span. Perhaps you are very tired too—a bit weak and wobbly—but how pleased you are *deep down;* and now if John goes away *another* day *next* week, as he thinks he may have to, you can get the curtains all done, and a few pillows recovered and *then* you *will* be happy. What fulness of joy there is in a clean, uncrowded place to live in! How much happier you are when things are clean! How much easier everything seems when the house is in order! And you will find by careful and persistent experience that a weekly body-cleaning gives far greater returns than an outward house-cleaning—returns in life and love and wisdom and joy of living.

Now if, by the time you have established this body-cleaning habit, you feel entirely satisfied with your mental and physical condition it is time enough to call a halt. No-breakfast and one-day-a-week clean-up may keep you in apple-pie order. It will if you eat sparingly and of plain food—plenty of fruit—at your

meals, use plenty of water, exercise and AIR, and take pains to incarnate only your best thoughts—thoughts of love, joy, peace, gentleness, good cheer, helpfulness, inventiveness.

But a touch of "sluggish mind," or of "feeling bad," or a touch of cold, "indicates," as the doctors say, more fasting. If you are not satisfied with your physical or mental condition it is always safest, easiest, and least expensive, to fast.

If you take longer fasts always observe these rules: Use quantities of water and air as directed, at frequent intervals; break your fast at the first sign of hunger after the tongue is cleaned—or after, say, forty-eight hours; and make your first meal an exceedingly light and well masticated one, using but one or two articles only. Orange juice is excellent for breaking a long fast. Any *one* thing which you feel would taste the best, is usually the right thing for you—if used sparingly and with thorough chewing.

If you want to take a long fast better work up to it by a series of shorter fasts, each a little longer than the last. That the body grows accustomed to fasting, so that there is eventually no shock or strain attached, is shown by the fact that a first fast always quickly reduces the weight, while after repeated fasts *the weight is not affected even by several days' continuous*

fasting. Edgar Wallace Conable lost only a pound or so in a twenty-one-day fast during which he exercised vigorously and worked regularly. And he walked twenty miles in the mountains just before breaking his fast.

Get a clean body. And stay clean. An ounce of preventive fasting will save a spell of typhoid, not to mention innumerable colds. And it will free your soul to higher expression.

VI.

To Grow Spiritual Consciousness.

The object of *all* methods of exercise, spiritual, mental or physical, is to free the spirit to higher expression through the physical. The spirit itself *is perfect;* it is omnipresent wisdom and power; it is Love; it is *God; it is the real you.*

But it might as well be some other body for all the good your spirit does you *except as you admit it to expression through your brain and body.*

The body is made by the spirit, and *expresses* the spirit; it admits the spirit to consciousness of itself.

A coarse, unruly body can express but a little of the soul. An unbeautiful body expresses a lack of soul-consciousness. It expresses sordidness, materiality, lack of wisdom, love and power.

Not lack of these things in the spirit, but in the consciousness or thought. Your body is the aggregation of your thoughts, the organization of your beliefs. In proportion as your thoughts are high and loving, wise and beautiful, your body will be beautiful, strong,

supple, healthy, useful. Just as fast as your soul can succeed in beautifying and making supple your body, in that proportion will it be able to express yet higher wisdom, love, power.

A dull, heavy, unwieldy body is made up of a preponderance of heavy, dull, unwieldy thought. To improve such a body it must be cleaned of the dull, heavy thoughts, or cells, and filled with bright, positive thoughts of power, wisdom, love.

Fasting, breathing and exercise of all kinds, mental and physical, free the body of its weak or dull cells.

Thinking creates new cells after its own patterns.

To exercise or fast or breathe ever so scientifically, and at the same time think the same old thoughts, will give you simply a stronger body after the same old pattern. This is why some people who take up physical culture, diet, etc., are still not the beautiful and happy people they want to be.

Aspiration and *inspiration* constitute the method by which new thoughts, higher, better ones, come into the world. The man who cultivates the physical and despises the spirit which *made* the physical, will succeed in standing still while the world goes marching on.

The man who goes his whole pile on spirit and mind, whilst he sits around and stuffs his body after

the fashion learned in ages of unnatural living, will find his body so logy and his brain so dull that he *can't think* the high thoughts he desires to.

The man who would think high must live low. The man who would live high must perforce think low; and death will eventually swallow him.

Thinking is the spirit which incarnates in the body cells.

Breathing, exercise, fasting, work together to eliminate the outgrown cells, leaving room for yet higher incarnations.

The wise man creates wisely and neglects not the means of getting rid of his outgrown creations.

AIDS TO RIGHT THINKING.

As an aid to high thinking I have found nothing more helpful than the Bible; especially the Sermon on The Mount; the Epistles and the books of Isaiah and Job.

This is the way I used the Bible: I sat down with it in a quiet place, folding my hands on the book, and closing my eyes whilst I got still. I tried simply to *be still,* so that the small voice of the spirit might be heard. I wiped my mind to as near a blank as possible, and tried to realize that the wisdom and love-power of God enfolded me and filled me, and would NOW

open my understanding to the lines I was about to read.

When I was still enough I opened the Bible to any part which happened to come into my mind—most often the Sermon on the Mount. Then I read quietly, slowly, trusting the spirit to show me new meanings. At any passage which attracted my special notice I stopped and repeated, and *waited* for the spirit to show me the meaning. Sometimes the meaning did not come to me at one sitting, nor at the dozenth; but *eventually it came,* as a result of reading over and over, and *listening.*

I used to think with most church people that the spirit was arbitrary—that sometimes it spoke and sometimes it kept me waiting just to "try me"—to cultivate my patience. Now I know that the spirit is always ready to speak—that *we* are not ready to hear. I know that in those hours of waiting before the spirit *there were actual physical changes going on in my brain—that the spirit was literally making over the brain cells, replacing cells with yet finer cells, setting up new connections of thought, in order to enable me to receive the understanding I desired. I now know that I actually drew from the spirit the understanding I desired, and that I had to be still mentally whilst that new*

understanding incarnated itself in a way tangible to my consciousness.

And I know that there is no other way to gain higher understanding than to *be still and let the spirit incarnate within the brain and body.*

Have you seen two women meet and both talk at once? Each chattered along on her own line of thought, asking questions but waiting not for an answer. Each afterward goes her way without having taken in anything the other said. It is like that with most of us when we go into the silence. *The spirit is always telling us things,* but we let our thoughts go chattering on so that we fail to hear. Our mental ears are so filled with the din of our own thinking that the voice of the spirit of wisdom is unheard.

So the great object of sitting in the silence is not to woo a coy spirit, but to still our own mental chattering that we may hear the wooing of the wise spirit which is ever speaking to us.

Be still, is the great injunction. Only *be still* mentally, and the Great Spirit of All Wisdom, Power and Love will do the rest.

The harder you find it to be still and listen the greater your need of listening. The more "active" you are mentally and physically the greater your need of periods of complete silence *that you may receive*

from the spirit better directions for your activities. There is nothing which will so surely kill the spirit of wisdom in you as the *habit* of mental and physical activity.

These daily periods of meditation, aspiration and inspiration *are absolutely necessary* to spiritual growth of the sort we all want—the sort which saves us here and now from ignorance, mistakes, ugliness, disease and death.

HOLDING THE THOUGHT.

It is easier to stay the mind on a concrete statement than to still it by an abstraction. It is easier to "hold the thought" than to make the mind a blank. And by the practice of "holding the thought" you gain control of your mind, so that later, you can quickly still your thoughts and listen at will to the spirit.

Reading the Bible as I have directed is simply an easy way of "holding the thought"—holding the thought which Jesus or John, Paul, Isaiah or Job received direct from the spirit.

I spent from one to three hours a day at this practice, for a period of a least four years, in which time I learned to love the Bible as I have never loved another book. And I believe no other book contains such high truth in so simple and condensed a form. It is the book of books for those who are seeking wisdom

by the shortest route. But it is tommy-rot to the man who reads it *without the spirit.* It was nonsense to me until I listened as I tell you. When I began these hours of meditation I said to myself and the all-pervading spirit we call God, "This book sounds foolish and false to me, but everybody says it is the Word of God; so I bring it to the spirit and I *wait* for the spirit to show me the sense of it—if there *is* any sense to it."

Yes, the Bible *is* inspired; and when *you* are inspired you will cease to doubt it—if you ever did.

Of course, there are other more or less inspired books besides the Bible, any one of which will well repay meditating upon in the silence. One of the best is Emerson's Essays. His "over-soul" is the God of the Bible. And different books will serve your purpose best at different times. Take into the silence the book which seems to help and inspire you NOW. Later something else may take its place.

YOU AND YOUR BODY. Your body is an organization of thoughts or beliefs and is continually changing as you discard old thoughts and receive new ones.

Your body is *not* you, nor does it contain you.

You contain your body.

You are pure spirit, one with all spirit, your

body being a precipitation within *you* of your thoughts; which are by the law of affinity organized within you.

In other words, you make, unmake and remake your body by your spoken words, or statements; by the *beliefs you accept.*

The portions of the Bible to which I have referred are full of the sort of statements which, if persistently "held," will remake your body after the pattern you desire—the pattern of wisdom, love, power, beauty, health, joy, success, usefulness.

Statements of truth persistently held will cast out the untruths which have expressed as disease, hate, foolishness, ugliness, failure.

Did you know that we *are* wise, loving, powerful, beautiful, healthy, joyous, successful, useful, divine? Not a being on earth but is all this NOW—not *may* be all this, but IS NOW all this. All that he ever can be he is NOW. His lacks and limitations are purely imaginary; he is simply asleep to the *reality* of himself, and absorbed in *appearances;* hence his mistakes in thinking, and all the consequent bodily troubles. Truly appearances are deceitful; they *seem* like the real thing, when they are in truth but the *shadow of a tiny portion of the real thing.*

Ever see a writing in invisible ink? It appeared

to be simply a piece of blank paper. Then you touched the paper with a colorless fluid, and behold a letter or two appeared. You spread on a little more of the colorless fluid and other letters appeared. When you had touched all the surface of white paper with the colorless fluid you read the full message.

Your being is like that piece of blank paper with the invisible message; and the colorless fluid is *your thought. Your being is a more glorious message than* eye hath yet seen or ear heard, and it is being revealed to yourself and the world *as fast as you think it into visibility.*

AFFIRMATION; SUGGESTION.

Denials and affirmations act as the colorless fluid, in bringing into manifestation the true self of you. Your true self is God, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, always wise, loving, full of power and joy, *eternal in the heaven within* you. Of course sickness, sin and death, with all unpleasantness, are mere negations of your real self—mere shadows where the true self is not yet in evidence. The divine self is *all there,* just as the writing was all on the paper before you applied the fluid.

In the very spot where you feel disease there is perfect health. Apply the thought of health, and the real thing will appear.

To deny sin, sickness and death is almost like trying to put the dark out by handfuls. And yet many people, and perhaps all people at some times, find it necessary to deny the "evil" before they can with success affirm the truth. To wipe off the evil by denial is undeniably a help, just as it *may* be a help to cut out a cancer. But just as after cutting out, the cancer may grow again, so your troubles may grow again if you use nothing more creative than denial.

Denial wipes out. *Affirmation creates.* This, affirmation, is "the Word" without which nothing was made that is made.

So, wipe out your unpleasant conditions by denial, by remembering that they are mere absence from consciousness of the real self.

Then affirm positively and repeatedly and persistently the perfections of your real self—affirm health, happiness, success, all desirable things.

The desirable things are the true things. You don't "feel" that they are, simply because *you always feel with the thing you look at,* and you have been accustomed to look at the physical, which is only a *partial and ever changing shadow of you.*

When you accustom yourself to looking upon the real self of you, you will "feel" with that self. Affirmations serve to remind you of the truth of being until

you grow accustomed to thinking and "feeling" the truth about yourself—the truth that you ARE NOW *all that you desire to be.* The moment affirmation has completed its work you "realize" the thing affirmed. To perfect realization takes a longer or shorter time according to the amount of *will* and *faith* and *persistence* you bring to bear. *But ultimate success is yours if you keep affirming.*

So affirm, *affirm,* AFFIRM—morning, noon and night. *Watch your thoughts,* and every time you catch them sketching in undesirable things give the unpleasant things the lie to their faces, and *vigorously affirm their desirable opposites. Do this every hour and minute of every day until the desirable thing manifests—especially use your thoughts in this way when you cannot otherwise keep the undesirable thing out of mind.* When you are free and happy simply enjoy yourself. Do not at such times try too hard to affirm or "hold thoughts." When you are happy you *are being held by* right thoughts. It is when you are unhappy or troubled that you need to take command of yourself and direct your thoughts upon the truth of being, *then* is the time to affirm what you cannot "feel." Later you will "feel" the truth and be happy again.

The term "suggestion" covers both denial and affirmations. You "suggest" to yourself that you are

"*not* sick" (denial); you suggest that you "are whole" (affirmation).

IN THE SILENCE. Besides watching yourself to "nerve you with incessant affirmatives," take special hours for going into the silence. Sit quietly, or recline, and relax mind and body. Breathe slowly, fully, evenly for five or six minutes, taking special pains to exhale slowly. Have windows open of course, and breathe through the nostrils. Then deny any unpleasant things which happen to come into the mind. Never take pains to call up such things for the mere sake of denying them. After denying remind yourself of the truth of being of your *real* self, *affirming positively* the things and conditions you desire to manifest.

Don't try to get too many things into a single period of silence. Better one or two things well affirmed.

After affirming your desires (to affirm is *literally* to MAKE FIRM) let your mind *rest* in the spirit of God, love, wisdom, power. Simply let go all things even to your highest desires and *let* the spirit *flow through you and have its way.* Imagine the spirit rejuvenating, recreating, refining you. LET *it love you and love through you.* Be still thus for fifteen minutes or more.

TO RECEIVE AN ANSWER. When you desire to receive some special message from the spirit follow the same plan exactly, breathing, affirmations and

all, and just as you are finishing your affirmations tell yourself positively *that the spirit will give you the answer to this question.* Then let question and all slip from your mind and *let* the spirit have its way in and with you. Sometimes the answer will come to you in the silence; more often it will come after the hour of silence; still more often it will come to you the next morning on waking; many times it will be days or even weeks or months before, in some unexpected moment, you will receive the answer. Once it was a whole year before I received a desired answer. But generally it comes quite quickly, and *always in time to serve my purpose or need.* I asked the spirit for a fitting name for *Nautilus.* For three weeks I asked, and then it came to me *the very hour I had need of it.*

Have faith in the spirit, be quietly confident, let no shadow of impatience disturb your heart and brain cells, and the spirit will never fail you. The spirit is ever ready with the answer, but it often takes us some time to get into right mental condition to *hear* the answer. Hence the delay. And impatience *joggles* us and causes greater delay, besides blurring the impression exactly as joggling a camera would blurr a negative. If we are *very* impatient the answer may be altogether obscured.

The greatest of all helps in developing spiritual

consciousness is to dwell constantly with these four thoughts:

ONE LIFE AND ONE WISDOM WORKS IN AND THROUGH US ALL.

ALL THINGS ARE WORKING TOGETHER FOR THE GOOD AND GROWTH OF EACH AND ALL.

THE REAL THINGS ARE UNSEEN; VISIBLE THINGS BEING BUT INCOMPLETE AND CHANGING SHADOWS OF THE REAL.

I AND GOD ARE ONE; GOD IS LOVE; SO FAR AS I EXPRESS LOVE I EXPRESS GOD.

Take the first of these statements into the silence each day for a week. Then take the second statement the second week, the third another week, and so on. Repeat frequently until you really feel and *realize* the truths stated, and can look at even the most trying personal matters from this universal all-good standpoint, instead of fretting against them from a little personal good-and-evil viewpoint. Break off harsh judgments, criticisms, frets, worries and discouragements by reminding yourself to dwell with these great thoughts of principle instead of judging unrighteous judgments based upon outward ever-changing appearances.

VII.

Thought, Breath and Exercise.

Your thoughts are yours to command, and you learn by continual practice to command them satisfactorily—just as by continual practice you learn to play the piano. If you permit yourself to entertain depressing thoughts you must expect to *feel* depressed.

The only way to abolish depression is to entertain bright thought enough to keep your feeling bright. Break off depressed feelings by bright, hopeful, resolute optimism, which will quickly produce its corresponding feelings. In time, by persistent practice, you can form the habit of thinking and feeling bright.

The easiest way to change the current of your thoughts—and feelings—is to devote your mind for a time to vigorous, resolute movements of your body, or to some piece of active work. Throw open the windows, or better still go out doors, and take a few moments of full breathing exercises, with positive mental repetitions of such words as *Peace, Courage, Love, Freedom, Joy, Good.*

Ordinarily this will turn your thought current and

give you full control; but if not then go invent and perform with a will some new physical exercises, or better still go do some piece of active and necessary work, with all the interest and will and ingenuity you can muster. Do it *better* than it was ever done before. By the time you have finished you will find yourself feeling better and brighter and well able to turn your thought into chosen channels.

There is a physiological reason for all this, the statement of which will help you to understand, and give you a reason for following these directions. It is this: In all kinds of mental exercise, either good or bad, there is a gurgitation of blood to the brain. "Nature" sends a reinforcement of blood wherever it is needed to carry supplies and carry away the debris made by the extra activity. The debris is carried away to the lungs, where it is expelled from the blood at the same time fresh supplies are taken into the blood. When the circulation of blood is even throughout the body you have good control of body and thought; but a rush of blood to any particular portion of the body is like a rush of people to one spot—the greater the crowd the less control the authorities (the governing parts of yourself) have over it.

When you have a crowd of thoughts and blood in the brain if you sit still the thoughts and blood keep

on crowding like a senseless and excited mob of people, and the longer you sit the less power you have to scatter either thoughts or blood.

The only effective way to quell a mob is to draw it off on the side streets; and the only way to quell an excited crowd of thoughts which have taken possession of your brain and you (the governing self) is to *draw off the blood, leaving the brain without cause of extra excitement.* In other words, restore normal circulation and you will find yourself well able to control thoughts and body.

The lungs are not only the portion of the body where the blood is cleansed and new supplies of oxygen and ether *and life* taken on, but it is a great bellows for regulating the circulation of blood. A few extra *resolute* expandings and contractings of the chest will in ordinary cases prove sufficient to dissipate a gathering crowd of blood and thought, and restore to you your command.

Whatever part of your body is exercised draws an extra supply of blood. When your brain is over exercised just exercise your chest muscles resolutely and fully and slowly, and you will draw off blood and thought from the brain. But if this alone is not sufficient to restore to you your lost command proceed to exercise other portions of the body to draw still more

blood. And often a drink of hot milk or coffee will help, because it draws the blood and energy away from the brain to the stomach. To breathe enough and exercise enough and eat enough (but not too much) to keep up a positive circulation of blood, is the key to control of thought and feeling as well as body.

Healthy, positive thought cannot be generated in a body whose circulation is persistently uneven or sluggish; and you may depend upon it that the easiest way, and perhaps the only way, to acquire thought control is to establish a positive circulation of blood. *Your body is all mind, and it is that part of your mind which is negative and easiest controlled; and by the controlling of which you gain power and wisdom to control and direct to higher uses* your so-called "higher self."

Body and mind are one, and neither can be controlled without controlling the other. So don't imagine that a few minutes a day of mental "concentration," will accomplish all you desire; and be not ashamed to supplement your mental self-treatment with plenty of good "physical" treatment in the way of breathing, exercise and sensible eating.

A chilly feeling means that the blood is crowding some internal organ or organs. Uncomfortably cold hands or feet indicate that the blood is crowding some

other portion of your body. It is not at all necessary for you to know what portion of the body is being crowded, nor why. All you need to do is to take the hint which cold feet or chilly feeling conveys, and restore positive circulation. If you do this, and persist in correcting circulation, you will avoid the kicks of those organs to which the blood has been gurgitating, and which will in time, unless the poor circulation is corrected, manifest some sort of disease. I surmise that all functional diseases and many organic ones result from poor circulation of blood and the consequent crowding of the particular organ affected. No organ could be overcrowded with blood provided the blood was kept moving through it, carrying into the organ fresh supplies of oxygen, ether and vril, and carrying out of it the refuse being thrown off continually by the cells. But the crowding of stagnant blood permits the generation of poison and disease. It is like the crowding of the Great Unwashed in the slums of New York—or in Havana before the American invasion.

Cold feet or a chilly feeling indicates three things: —First, negative thinking, or thinking too long continued on one line; second, shallow and uncontrolled breathing; third, too little active use of some part or parts of the body. (This last includes digestion, which is an active use of the body.)

Not one of these three things can be normal of itself. Thinking, breathing and exercise constitute an interdependent sort of Siamese triplets, not one of which can bear neglect without injury to all three, and not one of which can be well cared for without benefiting all three.

Positive, healthy thinking tends to full breathing and healthy bodily activity.

Full breathing inspires positive thinking and physical activity.

Physical activity induces full breathing and positive, healthy thinking.

Neither thinking, breathing nor bodily activity can be healthy unless all are healthy; and anything which improves one improves all.

I wonder when mental scientists will really wake up to the fact that all is mind; that breathing and exercise are just as "mental" as thinking is?

We are not material creatures living in a material world, nor spiritual creatures in a material world. I wonder how soon we shall quit talking and acting as if we are?

We are mental or spiritual beings in a mental or spiritual world, and ALL *our activities are mental or spiritual.* I wonder how soon we shall wake up to the truth of our being? I wonder how soon we shall quit seeing double?

THE BREATHING OF IRON INTO STEEL.

Thirty-nine years ago, when the Bessemer converter was invented, the Age of Steel began. Perhaps no other invention has done so much to influence our civilization as this Bessemer converter.

It is a great iron, brick-lined vessel in which cast iron is made into steel. From ten to fifteen tons of molten cast iron are poured into it, and then from two hundred little holes in the bottom of the vessel a strong current of air is forced up into the mass of liquid metal.

As the air rushes into the converter it makes the iron almost twice as hot as it was before. All the waste matter is burned up. The silicon, sulphur, carbon, etc., are destroyed by the fierce heat, and nothing but steel remains.

The great mass of molten metal hisses and roars like a living thing in pain the moment that the air is pumped into it. Showers of sparks fly from its mouth. A column of white fire breaks from it, as if it were a volcano in eruption.

Such is a Bessemer converter—the fiercest and most strenuous of all the inventions of man. It is simply a blast furnace that breathes. One long, deep breath and the iron is iron no longer. It is the finest and best of steel.

You can never forget how steel is made if you remember this—that you are in a certain sense a Bessemer converter yourself. Whenever you take a deep breath, you are burning up the waste matter in your body.

The air that you take into your lungs is changing bad blood. It burns up the poisonous matter just as the air forced into the converter burns up the silicon, sulphur and carbon. There is more difference between your blood before and after it has been through the lungs than there is between the cast iron and the steel.

A Bessemer converter must have plenty of air, and pure air. If the air from some sweatshop or basement bakery were pumped into the converter the result would be very poor quality of steel.

The tens of thousands who die from consumption and pneumonia might save their lives if they would remember that their lungs are made on the same plan as a Bessemer converter. Nothing but plenty of pure air can make either good steel or healthy human beings.

Whether we are like cast iron or like steel depends upon whether or not we burn up the waste matter of the body in the lung furnace. You can easily test this by taking fifteen or

twenty long breaths of fresh air. At once you will feel warmer and your head will be almost giddy with the swift circulation of new blood.—Herbert N. Casson.

(The above article, clipped from a weekly newspaper, is too good to let die; so I preserve it here for the benefit of those who may need an incentive to practice full breathing exercises with their affirmations. E. T.)

VIII.

Points on Breath.

The solar plexus, the large nerve center situated back of the stomach, was so named because it radiates nerves to all parts of the body, as the sun radiates energy in all directions. It was well named, for this solar plexus is really the sun-center of the body. It radiates life, light, wisdom, power, love, to the entire body and its aura. It draws this life force from the unseen. It is the door by which all power enters into the realm of expression.

The earth receives the sun's rays of light and manifests light and warmth. So the different organs of your body receive your solar radiance and each reflects its light according to its nature.

And thought reacts and controls the radiance of life, or power, from the solar center.

Your brain reflects life as thought.

Just as the earth raises its own clouds and so shuts off the sun rays, so the brain raises dark thoughts and shuts off your soul radiance from brain and body.

Thoughts of fear, doubt, despondency, pessimism,

fault-finding, etc., shut off the solar radiance. Thoughts of joy, confidence, love, turn on the solar power. "I-can"-thoughts open up the solar plexus and let into your body the love-wisdom-power which is trying to get in; "I-can't"-thoughts shut it out.

Now notice that fear-thought contracts the lungs and heart. When you feel joyous and care-free you take full, free breaths. Your body is one—when your lungs and heart are contracted by fear-thought, or "I-can't," you are contracted clear through, solar plexus and all; and your source of power is shut off.

Your solar plexus is the stop cock of infinite power.

Your thought turns the stop cock on, or off. Thought contracts the body and turns off the power, or it expands the body and lets in power.

Perhaps I should say that will does this. But will is the active principle of thought—will does the thing, but *thought directs* it done.

Will is the one power, which comes into being by way of the solar plexus.

Thought *directs* this power.

Now, then, it is sometimes hard for thought to direct itself on its own plane,—it is hard to get rid of a fear-thought by thought alone.

Why? Because fear has shut your power off.

But it is easy to turn on your power by turning

on your breath. To take a full, slow breath expands the entire body and lets in power. So it happens that a few full, even breaths of fresh air will enable you to control your thought. Along with the long breaths you will take in *will* enough to make it easy to control your thought. Did you ever notice how different everything looks to you after a vigorous walk? Exercising induced full breathing and you let in so much fresh power that living ceases to seem such a task to you.

When you are depressed and life is a snarl, then is the time to QUIT THINKING *and just go out and breathe and breathe.*

Breathing is the easiest thing in the world to do; therefore you can do it when you are too depressed and paralyzed to do anything else; you can breathe fully until you gain power to do something else.

It is a significant fact that breathing is the only physical function not yet turned fully over to the control of sub-conscious mind. This indicates that the race has not yet fully learned to use it. If it were fully used and developed it would always take care of itself, as other functions do.

Full breathing lets in power. It permits an influx of power to every part of the body.

But in order to increase your ability to lift you must use your power in lifting; in order to increase

muscle you must direct your thought and will into and through the particular muscles you want to develop. If you want to fill out hollows use your power to develop the muscles and proper poise of those hollow parts of the body. If you want to level humps and bumps direct your power to that end.

It does little good to fill your body with power unless you use the power in intelligent muscular and mental effort in desired directions.

Do you know the work of art called "The Modern Athlete"? Just a tall man with knotty muscles, standing with his weight slumped down on one heel, his shoulders rounded, head stuck forward, arms folded high over a sunken chest, and abdomen protruding below the folded arms. I never see that image—and he is ubiquitous in the art stores—that I don't feel a strong desire to hit him across the shoulders and stomach and make him straighten out and put his arms down and his chest out. The pose of that "Modern Athlete" is the pose of a self-satisfied chump who unconsciously invites his enemy to "hit him in the wind." He is not poised and ready. He does not express either power or alertness, and he is nothing but a libel on modern athletics.

You may practice breathing exercises half the night every night in the week, but it will do you little

good unless you use your power in better attitudes than the one posed by "The Modern Athlete."

Breathing lets in the power, *but strong muscles and mind come from pressing out power by activity.* Unless you use your power for something besides mere posing, and painfully incorrect posing at that, you will not grow strong muscles and mind.

Breathing fills you with power to do. If you don't want to do anything the sooner you quit breathing the better.

Breathing increases your power to do. Doing increases your power to breathe.

When you feel cast down, despondent, fearful, paralyzed, go out doors and breathe.

When you have breathed and breathed and cannot go to sleep go out doors and use your power on the wood pile, or a two or three mile sprint, or in any other physical exercise which will relieve the pressure of power, and thus quiet your mind.

As you learn to maintain the equilibrium of power which is the normal right of every human being you will find yourself sleepy as a baby at the right hours, and wide awake and active and interested as a ten-year-old the rest of the time.

One should cultivate the habit of full breathing, through the nostrils, at all times. But one cannot

spend his time in doing nothing else. Take a few deep, full, even breaths when you think of it; suggest to yourself that you are acquiring the habit of full breathing; and then go get interested in what you find to do. Think at frequent intervals of your breathing, physical poise, etc., but don't be self-conscious all the time.

"Abdomen in?" Of course. The man or woman whose shoulders are round and stomach prominent lives mainly in the thought of the burdens he has to bear and the good things he wishes he had to eat. Women are just waking up and getting their minds on to other things besides burdens and stuffing, and the consequences are showing in the "kangaroo figure" and the straight front corset. She is making her back so straight it won't carry burdens, and she is sticking her stomach in instead of out. Consequently her chest, which represents power, life, reason, government, is gradually filling out. Instead of slumping down lazily like that "Modern Athlete" she stands poised, stomach (abdomen) in, chest out, head up, weight on the balls of her feet, instead of her heels. The real modern athlete stands the same way.

It is said that the upper chest breath is emotional: middle chest, the breath of reason; and the abdominal breath the sustaining or physical breath. All hyster-

ical, sensational women lace the waist tight and breathe in the upper lungs. When I was about eleven years old I had a dear divinity who was perfection to me, because when she wore a low-necked dress I could see her "fair bosom flutter" with each breath, just as Mary J. Holmes described it in her glorious novels. And she was just the sort of silly, sentimental, romantic goose Mrs. Holmes depicted.

Then I have watched men breathe. Most men breathe down and out, and the upper chest is almost rigid!—just the opposite of my fair divinity. These same men too are very solid and sensible and healthy.

But it is rarely one sees a woman who uses the middle and lower part of her lungs (reason and physical health breaths); and many women are so cinched about the waist that they can't do it. And few men use the upper or emotional breath—because they think emotion and sentiment "silly."

The all-around developed man or woman will use the whole chest. He or she will expand outward, downward, and upward too, with every breath. He or she will be a poised blend of sentiment, reason and physical health.

Women, in order to correct their deficiencies need to take off corsets and breathe down and out, to balance the upper chest habit.

Men need to straighten up, hips and abdomen in, and endeavor as they inhale to arch the chest upward and outward, at the same time contracting and raising the diaphragm, relaxing the diaphragm as the breath is exhaled—exactly the opposite of the common way of breathing.

This same exercise is splendid for women too, to decrease waist and abdomen.

Learn to use your chest and diaphragm all sorts of ways. But aim for the full, even, rhythmic breath, up, out and down, as the habit-breath.

Never "bend backward" when taking breathing exercise. Stand straight and arch chest out in front. Get the pouter pigeon in mind—just by way of correcting bad habits by exaggeration of opposite. Keep back straight, but seek to make your upper front measure bulge outward as far as possible.

Breathing and vigorous exercise, plenty of fresh air and fruit, will give anybody a perfect circulation and plenty of warmth. Cold shower and rub-down after exercise, is also a great help.

Aim for rhythm and smoothness in all exercising. Jerks and strains are unnecessary wear and tear on all organs.

Only long practice will enable one to gain fine

enough control of his body to give perfect circulation in the space of ten breaths; but practice will do it.

There are hints enough in this article for a whole world of wise men. All you need is practice, and the use of your individual gumption. The only thing to be afraid of is laziness—and fear itself.

Breathe for dear life and health.

IX.

Breathing Exercises.

Equally as important as right thinking is right breathing. Your lungs take in from the air not only oxygen and ozone, but wisdom, love and vital and *mental power.* The shallow breather robs himself *literally* of health, happiness and success.

It is nonsense to say if you think right your breathing will do itself properly. It will not until you have set it going right. Live even one month upon thinking alone, *cutting out all physical exercise and making no effort to breathe fully,* and you will prove the fallacy of such ideas. All manner of exercise is beneficial chiefly through the full breathing it induces. Cut out the common every day exercise most of us have to take and our breathing would run so low we would sicken and die *in spite of the highest thinking we could possibly generate.* This is the whole secret of the ills of *body and mind* which beset people who follow sedentary occupations. They do

not exercise sufficiently to induce breathing enough to cleanse and vitalize brain and body.

If we exercised enough we would not need special breathing exercises. The active athlete or the man who works all day out of doors needs little or no special breath exercise. Through all ages, animal and human, we have breathed in proportion to the amount of physical exertion taken. In this day and age we are cutting out the physical exertion. But our dependence upon the air and ozone and oxygen and wisdom and love we breathe is just as great as ever. What are we doing about it? Why, we are substituting voluntary breathing for involuntary; or else we are dying.

Missionaries went among a little tribe of healthy savages in southern South America, and taught them among other things that it is indecent to go naked and sleep under the stars, and barbaric to do so much hunting. The savages built little houses to live in, took to imported clothes and went to school. In two or three generations there wasn't a vestige of them left. All because they *quit breathing enough.* The sudden change to inactivity, stifling active pores with clothing and sleeping in little huts, made of those savages a melancholy example of the results of not breathing enough. Most, if not all, of the illnesses of civil-

ized humanity are due to the same conditions of physical inactivity, heavy clothing and living in close rooms. The whole body of a natural savage is a breathing thing. The whole body of a civilized (?) being would breathe if it were allowed to. In proportion as it is smothered and cramped it must suffer.

"Leave it to nature" is the cry of ignorance and inertia. "Nature" does what she is accustomed to do. Present her with new conditions and she will go on doing the same old thing until you take pains to teach her a new way. By persistently practicing voluntary deep breathing we shall teach "nature" to breathe deeply and fully without being forced to it by much physical exertion. We shall teach "nature" to breathe just as we teach her to use her fingers properly in playing the piano; by persistent practice under intelligent voluntary direction.

For the benefit of those who desire to teach "nature" a few tricks and to grow in vital mental and spiritual power I give the following breath exercises, the results of my own experiments covering a number of years and much practice.

A SPIRITUAL BREATH EXERCISE. Sit erect in a straight chair, feet squarely on the floor. Keep the lips closed but do not set the teeth together. Close the left nostril by pressing the side of the nose with a

finger; and inhale slowly through the right nostril. Hold the breath as long as you can without strain. Then place the finger against the right nostril, releasing the left, and exhale as slowly and evenly as possible through the left nostril. Take the next breath through the left nostril, holding a moment, and exhaling slowly through the right. Repeat from ten to twenty-five times at a sitting.

This was the first breathing exercise I ever used and I consider it invaluable. It is derived from the East Indians, who claim that it has special value in developing the soul powers.

They say there is a minute air passage running from the head clear down one side of the spinal cord and up the other, a passage which is opened by this sort of breath exercise. However that may be I know that this breathing exercise is a great aid in gaining control of mind and body. Three or four months practice of it gave me voice control I had labored years to attain, without success. It cured me of a habit of gasping for breath. It gave me greater control of my emotions. And I grew apace in wisdom and love.

THE FULL BREATH. Some people breathe mainly with the bottom of the lungs. These are usually men, generally with too prominent abdomens and too flat chests. This breath is said to characterize the "animal man."

There are people who breathe mainly with the top of the lungs. These are generally very sentimental women, with cinched waists and heaving bosoms. This is called the emotional breath, characteristic of those who live in their feelings.

There are other people who breathe mainly with the center of the lungs. These are deliberate people who are governed by reason. I fancy Alton B. Parker may be of this class of "intercostal" breathers.

But the perfectly balanced man or woman, the one in whom emotions, reason and physical are equally developed and evolved, is said to breathe evenly with all his lung area, expanding downward, outward and upward too, with each breath. This is called the full breath or the whole breath.

In all breathing exercises the full breath should be used. In filling the lungs begin at the bottom, expanding the diaphragm downward. As the lower lungs begin to fill, expand the ribs and middle and upper lungs outward and upward, taking care not to lift the shoulders. Hold the breath an instant and then exhale slowly, beginning to contract the diaphragm first, then the middle, then the upper chest. A few trials will enable you to breathe "the whole breath" at will. Practice will make it habitual. And nobody knows

the real satisfaction of breathing until he uses the "whole breath."

The main thing to remember in this breath is to begin to fill the lungs at the bottom, and to raise the chest as they fill. After a few trials the rest will do itself. Make the breaths as even as possible, filling the lungs only comfortably full. As you persist in breathing exercises you will find your breath capacity increasing without any special attempts to inflate the lungs to their fullest extent. I am inclined to think exercises intended to stretch the lungs are at least unnecessary if not harmful. Such exercises must develop extra cells which in ordinary breathing lie folded in upon each other, offering convenient corners for the accumulation of effete matter. One's breath capacity should be increased as needed for every day use. To develop beyond that point is to create *extra* lung tissue which necessitates *extra* daily care and effort to keep in good condition. It becomes like extra bric-a-brac in a house, a mere collector of dirt unless much time and effort is used to keep it clean.

The aim in breathing exercises should be *healthy, well exercised, clean* lung tissue, rather than the growing of more tissue. To exercise *all* one's lungs is necessary; but to stretch them is questionable. Not lung cells for their own sake, but for the body's sake,

should be the motto. Some athletes exercise for the sake of muscle; then they have to invent special exercises to keep those muscles in trim, thus sacrificing life, time and effort to the care of unnecessary and unsightly knots of muscle. We want lungs and muscles enough, and we want them active and healthy; beyond this point lungs and muscles are merely burdens. So let your aim be to use to *good* purpose the lung tissue you already have, to breathe enough to keep brain and body clean and vital.

WHAT TO BREATHE.

And be careful *what* you breathe. It is *fresh* air which cleans and vitalizes the body. Keep your rooms *ventilated.* That means a *current* of air *continually* moving in them. It means open windows or doors on at least two opposite sides or at opposite corners of your rooms—windows or doors kept open *all* the time, that the air currents may bring in life and health and happiness and carry *out* disease and poison and death as fast as it is thrown off by human bodies. The more people in a room the more ventilation there must be if you want health.

In spring, summer and fall *every* window should be kept *wide* open night and day, and every shade should be rolled to the top. Sun as well as air must do its work of cleansing. As the weather grows colder

the windows may be nearly closed, but *never* quite. On a very cold day inch openings at the tops of two opposite windows will give as much ventilation as two *wide* open windows will give on a muggy summer day. In the warm weather there are no decided currents of air. On a very cold day the cold air striking the warm interior sets up a strong current which changes the air rapidly.

But open your windows several inches at night, even in the coldest of weather. See how wide you *can* open them! A down comfort will help. And be sure there are warm covers over your hair mattress, or the cold air will come up from below. Take a hot water bottle to bed with you if you need it. But *keep your windows open at all hazards.* I have used a hot water bottle in August! But my windows stayed wide open.

In addition to regular ventilation every living room and bed chamber in a house should be specially ventilated completely, at least two or three times a day. Throw every living room window *wide* open for five or ten minutes at a time in the very coldest weather, and keep them open longer in more moderate weather. Remember that the colder the air outside the more quickly it will sweep through and sweep out your warm rooms.

Take all special breathing exercises in the open air; or at *wide* open windows; or in coldest weather take them after complete ventilation.

TO GO TO SLEEP.

The last thing at night, after retiring comfortably, set your mental house in order. Wipe out by denial every unpleasant thing which obtrudes. Resign yourself, body and soul, to the spirit of love in which we live and move and have our being. *Remember* that during sleep it will sweep through and regenerate you, mind and body, and tell yourself that you will sleep sweetly and wake in the morning bright, peaceful and refreshed, with *more* power, love and wisdom than ever before. Breathe slowly and fully and easily, holding each breath a moment, affirming Peace and Love to all creation, then exhaling slowly. Go to sleep on this.

In the morning lie on your back without a pillow —windows *open,* remember—breathe slowly and fully, holding the breath a moment and exhaling very slowly. With each breath mentally affirm Love or Wisdom or Joy; repeating each word several times with as many slow breaths. *Remember* to be *thankful* for life, health, love, wisdom, joy. *Remember* that the spirit of wisdom and love is *in* you and about you, and will

guide you in the day's doings. This will start the day as you want it to go.

Bathe and dress deliberately and *take pleasure* in every detail.

If you begin a day like this it will go right. If you begin it grumblingly, hastily or thoughtlessly it will almost surely go wrong. It is not *what* you do but *how* you do it, that grows the spiritual consciousness of love, wisdom, beauty, health, joy, *God.*

Go to sleep like a baby at its mother's breast.

Rise as a god new born, radiant.

BREATH AND AFFIRMATION. When "things go wrong," or you are tired or not happy, go away by yourself if you can. Lie at full length without a pillow, and be as limp as possible. Take a slow, full, even breath, beginning to fill the lungs at the bottom first. As you inhale, mentally affirm I AM, and remember that I AM is God, Love, Wisdom, which is everywhere present and *in you;* think of *your I Am* as ONE with the universal I AM; *think of God as thinking and loving and working in and through you.* Hold the full breath as long as you can *easily,* and think of God as cleansing and vitalizing every cell and nerve of your body. Then exhale very slowly and mentally affirm LOVE, and think of yourself as *breathing out love* to all the

world, or to any particular individual you wish to be loved or loving. Do you remember how Jesus and the disciples *breathed* the spirit upon their new disciples? Do thou likewise. Breathe Love and Wisdom and Joy upon the world in general and the inhabitants of *your* world in particular. Thus shall Love and Wisdom and Joy *flow through you* to bless *you* as well as those upon whom you breathe it.

For more about this sort of breath exercise see my little twenty-five cent booklet, "How to Wake the Solar Plexus." For fuller explanations as to different methods of using the breath for self-development, and for fuller theory, science and philosophy of breath, see "Hindu-Yogi Science of Breath," price fifty cents; or "Hatha-Yogi," price $1.00. To be had of William E. Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

WHEN DEPRESSED. When none of the above means seem to relieve a heavy sense of depression, from whatever cause, try this exercise. Inhale slowly a full breath; while holding the breath, suddenly and forcibly contract the diaphragm and abdomen, forcing the air all into the upper lungs; then expand the diaphragm and abdomen quickly, at the same time contracting the upper chest, thus forcing the breath into the lower part of the lungs; then force it up again; and down again;

repeating the movement three or four times before exhaling the breath. Do not let the breath escape with a rush. Open the throat gently and exhale rather slowly. Now take a new full breath and repeat this exercise. From three to seven breaths are sufficient for an exercise of this sort. Put plenty of positive *vim* into the doing, and tell yourself mentally, vigorously and positively, to *wake up,* WAKE UP! This exercise expands the solar plexus and invigorates the entire body and mind, dissipating depressions of any sort and giving you control of your emotions.

ALWAYS BREATHE THROUGH THE NOSTRILS, in all these exercises and in ordinary living.

THE CLEANSING BREATH.

Another breath exercise which is valuable in dissipating depression is the Yogi "cleansing breath." A good exercise for those who sit or stand many hours a day in a stooping position, at a desk, sewing machine, etc. Throw open the windows. Stand or sit (or recline if preferred) straight, chest *out,* abdomen *in;* inhale slowly (through the nostrils, of course) until the lungs are filled to their fullest capacity; hold the breath an instant; now open the lips slightly and say *"Ha!"* vigorously but without vocalizing—say it "under your breath." This effort to say *Ha* vigorously (without sounding it) contracts

the diaphragm and expels a portion of the air from the lungs. Now hold the breath another instant, then make another vigorous *Ha,* expelling more air. Repeat the *Ha's* in this way until the lungs are *entirely* emptied of air, taking care to catch no breath between *Ha's.* You will note that this exercise bears a strong resemblance to a hearty laugh continued to the point of breathlessness and doubling up. *Make* it as much of a laugh as you can! And repeat until you feel thoroughly refreshed and happified. Such an exercise may be practiced several times a day with great profit and pleasure—whether you stoop over your work, or not.

All ill or depressed feelings are due to depletion of nerve force.

All breathing exercises increase nerve force, as a little practice will prove.

All depressed or ill feelings mean *brace up and breathe.*

Blessed is the man who, knowing a thing, goes and does it.

Listen to William James:

> *"Seize the first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain.* It is not in the moment of forming, BUT IN THE MOMENT OF THEIR PRODUCING MOTOR EFFECTS, that resolves and aspirations communicate the new 'set' to the brain."

X.

How to Treat Bugs and People.

"Is it against the laws of mental science to kill animals, insects or reptiles?" M. H.

There is but one law of mental science, and I know no better statement of that law than Jesus gave—"as you sow so shall you reap." This is the one unbreakable law through all time, space and eternity. Man glimpses this one unbendable and unbreakable law and forthwith issues a multitude of breakable laws intended to keep himself and his fellow men from sowing what no man wants to reap.

Because he glimpsed the one law Moses issued ten thou-shalt-nots which are equivalent to the statement that if you do the things forbidden by the ten commandments you will suffer. Moses told his people what not to sow in order to avoid unpleasant reaping.

And his people proceeded to sow the very things he forbade—like the children whose mother left them with the parting injunction never to put beans up their noses, and who, having nothing else to do straightway invented a new play of singing with their

noses full of beans. Moses' people pondered over the forbidden things and were not content until they had experimented a bit to prove if the doing of them would bring the dire visitations Moses hinted at. In even the veriest coward there is a divine daring which urges him to try things for himself. Of course the breakers of Moses' laws seeing no immediate ill results, and finding pleasure in the forbidden things, were encouraged to continue in ill doing.

Moses' laws in a great measure defeated their own purpose.

And his laws and defeated purposes are reincarnated in every generation since. Especially do they manifest in parents who raise (?) their children on the don't plan. All governments are built on the don't plan; they abound in uncountable thou-shalt-nots, with never a hint as to things one may do with pleasure and profit. And every individual tries to bring himself up on the don't plan—especially if he is born in New England.

Oh, yes, it is all good; all don'ts rouse the I AM to investigation and experience; and investigation and experience develop reason and intelligence, and make soft the heart of man. If it were not for the don'ts we'd still be lost in the wilderness of ignorance which is not bliss but stupidity.

But when we wake up to mind science we have gone far enough on the don't line. Let's quit saying thou shall not do anything.

"All things are lawful but all things are not expedient." Let the individual, so long as he does not interfere with the freedom of others, be his own judge as to what is expedient at any particular time or place.

The law is this:—What you sow you shall reap. Let us not obscure the law with countless don'ts. This is the age for fulfilling the law, not for making more laws.

This is the *do* age; not the don't age. Let us do unto others and ourselves what in our kindest judgment we would have done unto us; for only so shall we sow what we want to reap.

To say "thou shalt not kill insects," or "thou shalt not eat lamb" is to interfere with individual freedom.

To say, "if you kill insects or sheep you cannot be a mental scientist," is futile; your saying so, or mine, does not make it so. If it is so it will be so without our saying it; if it is not so our saying will not make it so. Then why say it?

The fact of the matter is that every individual makes his own laws of conduct; which he has a perfect right to do so long as he does not infringe the rights

of others. If we could only be content to stop here! —but we don't. *Thou* shalt do as *I* do, is the cry of the old savage instinct not yet *quite* outgrown by even us mental scientists.

And then, to say "if you kill insects or sheep you cannot be a mental scientist," is to state what is not so. The best of us is scientific in spots only; and to lay down that law for another is as unscientific as to kill insects or sheep; and neither of those (nor any other) inaccuracies of thought can debar us from mental-science-hood, any more than our blunders in the school room can debar from the school room and studenthood.

Law-making for others is not scientific; but we all do it—because we have not yet outgrown it. But let us not encourage the unscientific in ourselves and others.

Let us be free.

Let us go in for *federation without formulation of creed.*

Let us be scientific enough to let our next door neighbor kill his potato bugs with Paris green whilst we "treat" ours.

What difference does it make anyway, whether we treat the bugs to a violent death in a shower of poison, or merely treat them to get off our potato plants and

die of starvation? To be entirely consistent on this non-killing line we would be compelled to treat the bugs to increase and multiply and be happy in our potato patch.

If I were a potato bug I'd like that; but if I were a bug and had my choice between a patch treated with Paris green and one treated with the thought that I'd starve out and get off the earth, I'd take the former. A short life with plenty to eat and then a quick death, beats starvation or a lingering and lonely old age.

If I were a farmer instead of a potato bug, I'd probably use *both* thought and Paris green. Paris green, like all other "material means," and indeed the entire visible universe of "matter," is simply congealed thought,—thought compressed and canned for easy use. If congealed thought is easier and more effective as a potato bug exterminator why use so much *fresh* thought which might be better directed where canned thought is not effective? Give me a little Paris green and *common sense* along with my fresh thought —at least as long as my next door neighbors use neither.

For myself, I believe cleanliness is godliness. I believe in keeping things so clean by the aid of the sort of congealed thought commonly called water, tinctured with other brands of congealed thought com-

monly termed ammonia or soap, or gold dust, applied with elbow grease and fresh thought—I believe in keeping things so clean by these means that unpleasant insects will hie themselves to the quarters of my neighbors who happen to believe less in the use of these particular sorts of congealed thought. If I were a farmer I'd use enough cultivation and Paris green and fresh thought *to keep the bugs from coming to life on my vines and trees;* then I'd have none to be sentimental over.

All forms of life seem to generate almost spontaneously when given favorable environment. Dirt and neglect produce the right environment for insects and weeds. Uncultivated corners are the breeding places of reptiles, which flee from cultivated fields. Moral, keep the house clean, cultivate the earth, and forget not the corners. In due time cleanliness and cultivation will make the whole world blossom as the rose and the woolly aphis will be no more.

You may depend upon it that there are no more disease germs, insects and reptiles in this world *than are necessary to keep the world from mortifying.* Disease germs and insects thrive on dead and dying things. The human body which is *alive* enough will not support disease germs; this means that the human being who is alive all over is clean all over—elimina-

tion of effete matter is perfect—he is active and positive enough to keep his body "throwing off" the refuse as fast as it is made. The half-alive man is carrying dead and dying matter where disease germs increase and multiply because they are needed as scavengers; needed to feed on the offal. Nice, isn't it? But true. Moral, *look alive!* Don't let overfeeding, under-exercising, under-breathing and low thinking make of your body an offal heap for disease germs.

Around half cleaned sinks cockroaches come to feed on the dirt. Flies swarm to fatten on crumbs and the steam and smoke of cooking meats. Every housekeeper and meat market keeper knows what attracts flies. Wooden beds left standing for years, the cracks and creases gradually filling with dead cells from nightly occupants, are fat pasture for unspeakable droves. Walls of old rooms steeped in the effluvia of its steaming residents who batten the windows and stuff the keyhole to keep out the cleansing air, are loud invitations to the same unspeakable hordes, which can not thrive in the open air. Moral,—but it is too obvious.

Keep your own corners sweet; let light, and air, and wind, and water, and elbow grease, and fresh, interested thought, do their perfect work and you will

not need to kill insects, either by poisons or special "treatments."

If, when you journey away from your own cultivated premises, a snake should happen to cross your path, why, let it cross. It will not bother you unless you bother it. Neither will it follow you to cultivated land. The spirit of live and let live will charm even a rattler. Set not your foot needlessly upon a worm. If you go in to possess the land hitherto possessed by the worm, do it by cultivating and enriching the earth; and the worm will flee of his own accord.

Let your neighbor kill snakes if he wishes. That is his affair. Snakes are doomed anyway. Don't be sentimental about the manner of their extermination —a blow from the spade of a farm hand is no worse than the shriveling of old age. Even the butcher's shambles, horrible as they are, are preferable to death by consumption or cancer, or starvation. Mix your sentimentality with a little common sense, dearie, and remember that as soon as possible we shall do away with all killing and all need of it.

In the meantime keep sweet yourself and remember that an ounce of cleanliness will prevent a pound of killing. The very best you can do for this world is to live and let live—to set it a good example.

And don't set it a good example for the sake of

the example—for effect; or you will spoil the effect. Just forget effect and live your own sweetest and best life for its own sake—for the sake of your own soul—the place where God sits and smiles "well done" at you.

And in all and through all remember that all life is ONE; that each form of life lasts out its purpose and usefulness and gives place to higher forms; that no form passes until its usefulness is past; that the form of its passing matters little. Remember that the One Spirit informs all manifestations of life, and that when the One Spirit is satisfied with a form of life that form will be perpetuated. Every passing away makes room for a higher expression of life.

Who knows but your highest life, or mine, may satisfy so well the One Spirit that it will perpetuate you or me forever? Let's live our best and see. Let's not be distracted by the manner of living of our neighbors.

Let's do unto others as we would have them do unto us; but don't let us be sappy about it, or we shall be blinded to the real truth of what we would have done unto us. Nothing so quickly and effectually obscures right judgment as a punctilious consideration of surface feelings. Judge not according to the outward appearance of any particular experience or act,

but judge the righteous judgment which issues forth at touch of the inner spirit which is the true cause of all experiences and acts; for no action or line of action is an isolated fact—it is a partial result of uncounted actions which have gone before, not one of which can be rightly judged without its reference to the whole.

It is as much as any of us can do to make his own laws and live up to them; indeed I wonder if it isn't more than any of us can do. Would you thank me for making further laws for you to live up to—you who have not yet succeeded in living up to your own self-made code of laws? Of course not. Then do unto me as you would have me do unto you—lay no further burdens of laws upon me, but when opportunity offers give me a lift at keeping the laws I've made for myself, and which I can't evade without a smiting from conscience.

Why, don't you remember?—the same Spirit of Good which works in you is moving me also; and I am responding just as fast as I can. When I am as full grown as you are in some lines I'll be making for myself the very laws you have the impulse to make for me.

In the meantime, hands off; unless you are invited to make laws for me—or to keep me from making laws for you.

XI.

Jack Spratt's Wife.

To reduce flesh the only successful method I know of is that of applying new thought to the reduction of the food supply to fit the real and scientific *needs* of the body.

Too much flesh means too much eating, and it *never* means anything else.

Now don't point at your skinny neighbor who eats twice as much as you do. He manufactures motive energy whilst you manufacture fat, and he does not assimilate his food as you do. Most of his is simply thrown out as waste matter, whilst all is blood grist that comes to your mill.

It is a matter of "temperament." Temperament is the sum of the settled habits of thought. You are a "negative," open to receive and enjoy new ideas. All foods are mental foods. Just as you are "open to receive new ideas" and use them, so your body (your mental statement) is "open to receive" and use and store up food.

Not so with your skinny neighbor. He is active, positive, set in his way. When you present a new idea to him he smiles sarcastically, looks it up and down and will have none of it. He accepts one new idea to your fifty. His food is served the same way. You might stall feed him until he died from accumulated refuse, but he simply can't accept, assimilate, enough food to get fat on. He must first change his temperament before he can get fat—and that is only done by the slow forming of new mental habits.

Perhaps your dominant physical function is the digestive. That means that it is easier for you to digest and assimilate food than to do anything else. Haven't you seen women who were so fond of crocheting new patterns of lace that they would sit around at all hours in a dirty room, with untidy dress, and crochet lace? I have. Your body has grown so fond of that particular sort of assimilative activity that it will keep on crocheting until it clogs your body up to the fatty degeneration pitch—or lack of pitch;—if you don't choke it off. Use your "new thought" to command your food supply and your "natural tendencies." Keep choking off the fat producing foods and using your energies in active physical exercise until you get your body into a healthy, beautiful shape. Begin by living a whole week, or

more, on absolutely nothing but raw, unsweetened and un-creamed fruit, and water and air and exercise, and you will have made a rapid stride toward your ideals. Fruit, water and air are the great eliminators; and the first thing you need is to have all those stagnant fat cells dissolved and eliminated.

If you use plenty of vigorous exercise whilst reducing your weight your skin will never become wrinkled or your flesh flabby.

* * * * *

Yes, fasting will help spare people as well as fat. Many people eat so much it makes them poor to get rid of the refuse. We all give our digestive apparatuses too much to do. Most of our ills are due to eating more than we assimilate; and there is not a human disease from biliousness, or headache, or the drink habit, to insanity, stupidity, or ugly disposition, which cannot be greatly relieved if not entirely cured, by *judicious* fasting.

For one who is used to three square meals to suddenly stop eating and take a long fast will in a majority of cases produce a physical revolution of serious proportions. All radical and sudden changes are more or less dangerous. Whoever experiences unpleasant effects from fasting has either applied the food brakes too suddenly, or he has fasted *under*

protest, thus deranging nature by adverse auto-suggestions.

Then, of course, there is the other and very small class of people who suffer from the effects of very long fasts taken to outdo some other body's record. Anybody can *train* himself to long fasts; but when he determines to break some record of fasting, where he sets a stake and determines to reach it at any cost, he (generally she) is very apt to overdo the matter and reap serious consequences.

A fast of twenty-four or forty-eight hours will not only hurt nobody, but it will benefit anybody. *Only adverse auto-suggestions* can prevent benefit from such a fast. And every man's own natural hunger will indicate to him not only the hour but the proper food with which to break his fast. After thirty-six or forty-eight hours the fast should be broken at the *first* sign of hunger and watering of the mouth, and the kind of food desired is the proper one with which to break the fast, only taking *great* pains to masticate *very* thoroughly. This is always easy after a judicious fast broken at nature's own call. One is never ravenous after a fast, and his food tastes so good he is in no hurry to swallow it.

It is the over-fed stomach which manifests in a ravening appetite. A fast will stop the craving;

and repeated short fasts will cure *any* abnormal appetite. Long fasts are rarely needed except in cases of severe diseases of long standing, and should always be preceded by repeated short fasts, continued until the system can stand a long fast with almost no loss of flesh or strength. When a man feels *better and stronger* during a fast than when not fasting, he is ready to lengthen his periods of fasting if he wishes. Of course the non-breakfast and the one-meal-a-day practices are the mildest forms of fasting, and it is well to grow *well* accustomed to these before taking longer fasts. Use gumption and moderation, and you will gain only good from fasting.

XII.

To Heal Asthma, Etc.

(A man wrote to ask me what to do for his wife, who is an asthmatic. In reply I sent him the following letter—which is about five times as long as I generally write. E. T.)

The "Great Deliverer" within her can free her completely if she will do her part. Will she? Does she want to be free badly enough to work for it? I have had many successful cures of asthma among people who have followed my directions. Will she? Here they are.

First of all she must drop all meat out of her diet. Nothing to eat between meals. Breakfast of raw fruit alone, unsweetened and un-creamed. Nothing to drink but water. At noon a good dinner of vegetables, fruits, cereals, whole wheat or graham bread. Unsweetened grape juice and water to drink. No tea or coffee at any time. She can have "fig prune cereal" or "postum" if she wishes, with cream and sugar, at noon meal only. At night she is to use three or four teaspoons, three probably, of grape nuts, wet with

unsweetened grape juice and water, half and half; and all the raw fruit she can want.

She is to read Solar Plexus book every day for a month and get into the spirit of it, and shine for dear life all the time! She is to take at least thirty slow, full, even breaths of outdoor air every day, increasing the number until she reaches one hundred. Whilst doing this she is to stand or sit straight, chest out, and breathe down and out, taking pains to hold the breath and then let it out more slowly and evenly than she took it in. Persistence will make perfect in this. She is to do it as well as she can until she can do it as well as anybody. With each breath she is to mentally affirm, I AM WHOLE, or I AM LOVE, or I AM POWER—using one affirmation for each day. Solar Plexus book tells how.

If she is hungry or faint between meals a drink of water, hot or cold, as she prefers, and a few full breaths and affirmations will cure it all.

Above all and in all she is to wake up and go at it with a WILL. *To put* WILL *into bodily action, is the cure for asthma.* Will is just what an asthmatic is averse to using, will and persistence. Asthma means a curled-up will, and it is not easy to uncurl it!

But it *can* be *done,* and if your wife is ready to make the effort, and keep at it, she will completely

outgrow that asthma. She will feel like a new woman inside a month.

If she is not ready, let her alone. Do not try to force or coax her. She must use *her own* will if she is to get well.

THE LAUGH CURE. "Just a year ago a lady came into our office with a very disconsolate look; she came for consolation and advice; her face wore a sorrowful expression, she was 'down at the mouth,' as the saying goes; her husband was a drunkard. Knowing the power of the reflex action of all parts of the body on the brain, we advised her to assume the smiling attitude six times a day a few minutes at a time. She did it until she acquired the laughing habit. When her husband came home drunk she would laugh; when he came home sober she laughed; she laughed at her meals and laughed when she had no meals to eat; she began to see rays of light and sunshine in the house. Her husband became infected with the laughing habit. He laughed himself sober and they both laugh now because he drinks no more; he finds his home a veritable home, with a smiling wife, and now there is joy, peace and happiness in that home, and the lady declares the Phrenological examination and advice we gave her has been her husband's and her own salvation. Reader, try this experiment; assume the smiling attitude; the corners of your mouth will turn upward; the reflex action of these muscles will press the psychic button of Mirthfulness and your smile will develop into a laugh. Keep it up every day. Laughter starts obstructions and removes the impediments to the blood, improves digestion and will lift you out of the slough of despond. The remedy is scientific, it is—Phrenological. We charge nothing for this discovery, it ought to be introduced into every home, it costs nothing but the prescription will knock out the blues."—Human Nature.

Before you spend dollars on doctors or healers just give this prescription a thorough trial. The trouble with most people is that they really enjoy being down at the mouth. They are "more happy to be miserable than they would be to be happy without being misera-

ble." So they drift along with their "feelings" instead of taking command of their bodies and compelling them to express pure happiness instead of miserable happiness.

The laughter cure is really a specific if vimfully and persistently used.

Be ye not a hearer only, but a doer of things. Curl the corners of your mouth up and keep 'em up. By and by you will *feel* like keeping them up. Action and reaction are equal—act a smile from the outside and it will re-act from within you.

XIII.

When Sins Come A-Visiting.

"I have just heard of a man who has had insanity in his family for over twenty-five years. Now will you please tell me what could be learned from that? Because a parent does wrong, does it look just for the children to have to suffer too? What would you do if you thought you were going to lose your mind?" Miriam.

The other day I read of a man who came of the union of two families of consumptives. Mother and father and aunts and uncles and grandparents had all died of consumption before the ages of thirty-five or forty. The man himself was thin and sallow and narrow chested, and about twenty-one or so, when he met a Quack Doctor to whom he told his tale of woe and remarked that "of course he must die as his family had."

"Not unless you choose to," the Quack Doctor replied, "*—live as unlike your family as possible and you will not die as they did.*"

Now the man really wanted to live, and the Quack Doctor's words stuck in his memory. He began to notice how his family had lived, and to instinctively change his ways. They lived in close rooms with

shades and shutters tight, trembled at draughts, bundled themselves up to their noses when they went out, stayed in as much as possible, ate three hearty meals a day, and pieced between times.

So the man began to eschew these things, one at a time and as fast as he dared—just to see if that Quack Doctor did know anything. Barring a few "colds" his health began to improve. He took heart and tried a little more—lived out of doors as much as he could; took down the window draperies, fastened the shutters back and kept the shades rolled up; moved his bed into the sunniest room in the house and kept the windows open; ordered fresh fruit every day (his folks had almost lived on fried pork and potatoes, and corned beef and cabbage, with pies and black coffee three times a day).

He even began to cultivate a different gait and carriage. When somebody told him he was growing stoop-shouldered just like his poor dear pa he set himself to straighten his shoulders and widen his chest. When another friend told him he looked at things just as his blessed ma did he immediately hunted for another side of the question to look at.

A few months of this changed living made a different creature of him. He not only looked different but felt and thought and acted like a different being, and

he began to feel hopeful and energetic. So he kept it up with still more resolution. He went in for early rising and retiring, physical culture, vegetarian and raw food fads, bicycling, golf, tennis, sociability—anything and everything he could think of which he was sure his family never would have thought of.

And thirty-five or forty years afterward he hunted up that Quack Doctor and thanked him for setting him on the road to health, happiness, success and long life. He exhibited with pride his biceps and his six inches chest expansion, and dared the Q. D. to produce from anywhere a sturdier man of his age.

One swallow never makes a summer, nor does a whole family compel one swallow to follow its own bad examples. Environment pretty nearly makes the man; his own way of re-acting on his environment completes the making. Our family starts us off with a certain definite family environment of thought and action. A mere machine would keep on conforming to family traditions until it ran down and stopped in the family burial plot. But a human being is not a machine, and it is his business and privilege to change his environment, to improve on the family thought and action.

A Chinaman considers it sacrilege to live better or think higher than his father did. If his father

lived like a goose and died a consumptive he would deliberately follow. Only the fact that the Chinese are a hard-working, light-eating, out-door-living race has saved them from utter extermination through this slavish adherence to the traditions of their fathers.

All the Chinese are not confined to China—more's the pity. How many of us Americans are afflicted with family pride? How many times a day do we hear the statement that this trait or that is "inherited"? How many parade their resemblance to some grouchy or choleric old ancestor who happened to have "come over in the Mayflower," or who was "the bully of his regiment"? How many of us actually look for family peculiarities and pride ourselves upon family resemblance? How many look with complaisance upon even the worst of family failings, merely because they are *family* failings? How many preserve old recipes and customs and costumes and furniture, and shut out the sunlight and ruin the family digestion to do it? How many whose remote ancestors have been lost in the American shuffle, have set up new family traits and customs based upon the peculiarities of parents or some relative who has made his pile? How many boys are allowed to grow up without "picking up" after themselves simply because "father was just so"? How many girls are humored

in every whim because they are "just like Auntie Alice who could never bear to be crossed"?

I know a woman who has been a miserable invalid for years. Once I asked her why she did not try Christian Science or mental science, and told her of some remarkable cures. "Oh, I couldn't take up with such things," she replied, "I feel that my dear mother would not approve of it if she were here—she was such a good Methodist—and I would rather suffer than to use any means she'd not approve."

Talk about Chinamen!

That is the sort of spirit through which we "inherit" the diseases and deaths of our family. The father's sins are visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation because the children hug their fathers' sins. The fathers' sins are visited upon the children because the children make a virtue and a business of entertaining them.

They can be got rid of as any other unpleasant visitors can be, by firing them. If we keep on entertaining them it is our own fault, not our fathers'; they are now our visitors, not our fathers'; and the ill results are our own fault, not theirs.

If you want Bible authority for this, turn to Ezekiel XVIII, where you will find the matter explained at length, in the words of God himself. You will find

yourself forbidden to say that "the fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge," —forbidden, because that proverb is a lie. In verse twenty God says through Ezekiel this:

"The soul that sinneth, *it* shall die. The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him."

The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children *as long as the children invite such visitation*—invite it by living and acting and thinking as their fathers did.

The young man who listened to the Quack Doctor simply made things so lively around his house that the consumption of his fathers was glad to hike.

The man who has had "insanity in the family for twenty-five years" can get it out of the family by the same means. He can quit living and acting as his crazy relatives did.

Good healthy outdoor activity is the greatest insanity-squelcher in existence. Insane people naturally hug dark corners and think about themselves and their feelings.

I knew a big family in which one girl went insane. They lived on a farm, and the parents and ten of the

children lived active farm lives. But this girl who went insane hated work as a cat hates water. She loved to sit in the best room and devour novels, and a call to help wash the dishes or milk the cows made her angry. Her mother was one of the easy-going kind who hated rows. So she never called on Anna except in extreme need, and Anna soon learned that a show of temper would get her her own way. She cultivated rages and sentimental reading and grew thin, anæmic and eczemic. And everybody excused her because she was "so odd" and "so intellectual"—and because it was harder work to get her to do anything than it was to do it themselves.

A tall smooth stranger came courting Anna. Nobody knew him and many distrusted him. Her father opposed his coming, but Anna threw such a fit that the opposition was withdrawn and Anna married him.

Then there was nobody to do Anna's work, and she found a hard row to hoe. Babies came, and more work—which was not done. Anna *would* read; babies cried; husband cursed, and finally took to whipping her. Poor Anna's rages availed nothing. She hugged the dark corners and cried over herself as over the abused heroines of her favorite stories. House grew dirtier; babies more numerous and fretful; husband

uglier. Then Anna "went crazy." And never recovered entirely.

I knew another family with insanity in it. The mother was in youth just such another as Anna, and her mother and an aunt or two had been harmless lunatics. But her husband was a man of some character, with such a disposition as that of Anna's mother. He did all his own work and what he could of his wife's. He "saved" her and humored her to the last degree—almost. Babies came with regularity, three girls and then three boys. The husband was modestly wealthy and the entire family wanted for nothing material. But the wife found things to brood over —as anybody will who hates activity and loves novel reading. She wore charming invalid gowns and "couldn't bear the least bit of light or noise." The doctor was hired by the year. Almost from the cradle the children were taught to fetch and carry for their mother, to "save" her feelings and nerves.

Before the youngest girl was in her first teen the mother went into "harmless insanity"—the family inheritance!—"they were always afraid of it of course, and had done everything to prevent it, but of course it was her *inheritance*—insanity in the *family,* you know."

And of course her dear children were in the fam-

ily too. So they all resolved to devote themselves to mother, and *never* to marry, waiting for the inheritance to visit them too. Mother had to be kept in seclusion; so the family was secluded. Not one of the girls was ever a child or a young girl. They lived in semi-darkness and walked a-tip-toe that mother be not disturbed. The boys went into business and nobody ever saw them smile. At night they went home to the Family Skeleton. The mother lived until the girls were three solemn, silent old maids. After her death they lived in the same old house, with the same old furniture and Skeleton, and with absolutely no object in life, now that their "care" was gone. How could they help being a little crazy themselves? They hid themselves away and waited for insanity to get them. And it did. They were all a little "touched," but not violent. The boys grew into melancholy old maids, too, and one of them committed suicide.

There was no reason in the world for even one of those children going insane; and no excuse for it except their individual ignorance and consequent individual choice of the modes of life and thought which induce insanity. Each girl went mildly mad, *not* because her mother was insane, but because she chose for herself the ways which lead to insanity. The boys *had* to live a little more rationally—business association

compelled it. They lived the home life only half the day, while the girls lived it all the time. This leaven of common sense business kept the boys from ever slipping quite over the edge from mere sentimental melancholia into the abyss of real insanity. A little business interest would have saved the girls too. And a little *rational* living would have ended "insanity in the family."

Note any person inclined to insanity and you will see first of all a strong disinclination to physical effort. He gravitates to quiet, dimly lighted cozy corners and novels. Poor and uncultured people are less apt to go insane than well-to-do ones, because life compels them to physical effort willy nilly. When poor people go mad it is generally a case of some woman shut in with a lot of babies and no help; or a man or woman who has drudged long and hopelessly at some *one* kind of *indoor* work.

Harping on one string is a characteristic of insanity, as well as a producing cause.

Unnatural living of any sort tends to insanity.

If I had "insanity in the family," or any other disease of mind or body, I'd snap my fingers at it and turn my back on it.

I would follow the directions of that old Quack Doctor.

I would cultivate sensible habits of mind and body.

I would cultivate sensible, happy, healthy people.

The Anna whose story I have told you had one brother-in-law who was criticised for refusing to receive Anna in his home. "No," he said, "Anna is like her Aunt with whom she was much associated; I will not risk my own little girls in the same house with Anna lest she influence them in undesirable ways; my *first* duty and desire is toward my children; I will not run the risk of sacrificing them simply to please Anna." He was *right*. Children especially should be kept from association with the sickly or melancholic or unnatural of any sort.

Somewhere in the heart of Europe, in Switzerland, I think, there is a whole farming center where every family takes an insane patient or two to heal. The insane one is set down in the midst of a family of healthy, hard-working, hard-headed, thrifty and happy farm workers. He is accepted and treated as a member of the family, every one of whom looks out for him without seeming to. The "patient" is given light work to do and plenty of it—out doors. His crankisms are persistently ignored. In a little while he catches the vibrations of his sane surroundings and goes away cured—unless, as many do, he elects to re-

main and continue the farmer's life. It is said that these people succeed with almost every case taken.

Surround the mentally weak with an environment of positive health and sanity and they will certainly come out strong and sane. Children and fools need the same wholesome treatment. If you are positively sane and live naturally, as those farmer folk, you can with impunity, and with positive benefit to them, associate with the mentally unbalanced. But if you "have insanity in the family" and a little fear in your heart, keep as far as possible away from crazy folks, sentimentalists and pessimists *and their modes of thought and action.*

Plain living; plenty of useful work and outdoor exercise; association with sensible, happy folk; denial of unhappy thoughts; affirmations of health, happiness and good; control of the emotions;—the man or woman who cultivates these will live long and well and relegate the Family Skeleton to the family ash heap.

XIV.

To Command Yourself.

"My teacher wants me to sing at a recital the latter part of September, but fear or something else keeps me from singing before anybody. I do so well alone or at my lessons, but when I come to sing before people I tremble and shake so that I flat all, or nearly all, of my beautiful tones. Do tell me what to do." L. F.

Not one beginner in a thousand, or perhaps ten thousand, escapes such experiences. Not one enjoys fear and trembling, and not one but winces from hurt pride, at the thought of a flat tone. Fear and trembling and hurt pride are no disgrace, and no human being ever went through life without them.

But to let such things keep one from going straight ahead on the line of his desire IS *a disgrace.* To let the fear of fear and flatting hinder one's song is a *shame.*

The only sensible advice to such a one is the injunction to sing in company every time he or she has an opportunity, until it can be done with perfect ease. There is no other way. But it is a shorter, easier way

than the fearful one imagines—a way where anticipation is a monster and realization a lamb.

And the way may be made short and easy. The more *firmly* one resolves, and *adheres* to his resolve, to miss no opportunity of singing in public, the surer and swifter his progress. To know that one's bridges are burned behind him metaphorically speaking, is to take away all incentive to waver between going back or going on; and *ninety-nine per cent of all our tremblings are due to indecision as to whether to go ahead or to run like a coward.*

So, say *yes* the minute you are asked to sing, and *never permit a regret.*

Never look back. He disgraces himself who hesitates when asked to do that which his high ambition encourages.

First, then, *resolve* to sing *every* time.

Then resolve to ENJOY *doing it.*

When practicing accustom yourself to the thought of an audience, and tell yourself that you *love* to give pleasure. Think well of yourself and your voice, and think nothing at all of a mistake, a tremble, or an occasional false tone. Such things are common to all mankind and angel-kind too, and by practice you will outgrow them.

Resolve that you don't *care* if you make a mis-

take or two, that you will do your best and enjoy doing it, so there.

When the recital comes and your number approaches, control yourself by full, slow, even breathing. Close your lips and inhale very slowly, filling the lower part of the lungs first; hold the breath a moment, epiglottis open; then see how *very* slowly and evenly you can exhale, emptying the lower part of the breathing cavity first. With each breath say to yourself, *Peace.*

Do this *easily* enough so that you will not need to "catch your breath" in between. Do not fill the lungs too full, nor hold the breath too long. Keep up this even, easy, full breathing with mental statements of *Peace,* until you have deliberately mounted the platform and opened your mouth to sing.

This simple little exercise has accomplished wonders for hundreds of my correspondents. Use it persistently, and you will be amazed at the degree of self-command it imparts.

Use the same breathing exercise for five or ten minutes night and morning. It will enable you to do wonders in voice control.

Last but not least, affirm to yourself every time it comes into your mind, that you are *not* afraid to sing in public, that you *love* to do it, that you *have*

good voice control which is rapidly perfecting through practice. Affirm this many times every day, for weeks.

Go in to win and *stick to it.* Success is sure, and quick in proportion to your resolution.

This same exercise in breath-control will give you command of yourself in any time of stress or strain. Try it. And its persistent daily use will enable you to meet with equanimity, power and presence of mind any exigency with which life may present you.

XV.

Physical Culture.

If we live active lives, using all our muscles enough to keep them in good order, we need no special physical culture exercises. Children and Indians gain splendid development without seeking development as an end. This is the natural way, and the nearer we can live to it the better for us, and the less special work we shall need to do to keep our bodies strong, straight and supple.

In proportion as we desert the walks of life where the body gains development through useful and happy exercise we have to resort to artificial exercise to keep the body strong, straight and supple. If we refuse both useful work and artificial exercise we grow old, stiff, fat, wrinkled, unsightly, ungainly, and nature dumps us with a sigh of relief.

Indoor life causes stooping as well as weakness and stiffness, because, no matter how much work we do it is all done in one stooping position. The first

principle of special exercises should therefore be the correction of stooping.

When walking one should always walk *straight,* head up, chin and abdomen *in,* chest *out,* weight on the balls of the feet; and one should sit or stand as erect as possible when working. This is the normal attitude.

But the mere attempt to assume the normal position when walking, even though one walks a great deal, will not entirely overcome the effects of daily hours at the desk, sewing machine, fancy work, dish washing, during which the body is receiving an abnormal set forward. To overcome one extreme go to the other.

MY BEST EXERCISE.

Before dressing in the morning and after disrobing at night use this exercise. Windows open, of course. Stand straight, facing a corner of the room, with bare feet about fourteen or fifteen inches from the corner itself, arms straight out, even with shoulders, or perhaps two inches below, hands resting on the two side walls, chest *out,* abdomen *in.* Now lean forward toward the corner, without moving the feet or bending the knees. Aim to lightly touch the corner with the chest, while holding the *head and abdomen as far back from the corner as possible;* arms and hands slipping forward on the walls in a straight line with shoulders. Resume

first position without moving the feet or lowering the arms, and repeat. Make the forward movement *slowly, at the same time inhaling through the nostrils a slow, full breath;* put your whole effort into firmly stretching the chest *forward and upward* (careful not to bruise yourself against the walls) and head and abdomen *backward,* thus straightening the back at the shoulders. Hold the chest to the corner a moment, holding the breath likewise, then slowly resume original upright position, slowly exhaling through slightly opened lips, at the same time bending the head forward toward the chest. As you lean forward toward the corner mentally keep your count of the exercise, one, or two, or three, etc.; as you resume the upright position, exhaling and bending the head forward, mentally affirm *I Love,* and think of yourself as breathing forth love to all the world as well as generating enough within you to enable you to meet *today's* emergencies in a wise and loving manner; think of yourself as inbreathing and outbreathing *God,* as receiving and giving love, as gaining in all desirable qualities and the ability to *use* your growing powers.

Make these movements always slowly, deliberately, with closest attention. Begin with only five or six movements at one exercise, first thing in the morning and last thing at night, oftener if you wish. Increase

gradually until you are using twenty or more at each time. I tried using ten at first, and it made me quite lame.

This is the very best and most helpful spiritual-mental-physical breath exercise I know, my own invention, or rather combination; the one exercise which wears longest without becoming perfunctory and non-effective. I have used it regularly, twenty movements every night and morning, for nearly two years, and expect to continue its practice for years more. Out of the hundreds of different physical exercises and mental "formulas" used in the course of my development, not another one has lasted more than six months or so, until I felt it had accomplished its purpose in me and its use would better be discontinued. This exercise corrects the tendency to stoop, which comes with much writing and indoor work of any sort; at the same time it lifts the chest and strengthens the lungs, conduces to fine carriage of the body; combines all the advantages of ordinary breathing exercises; strengthens all the bodily muscles, developing chest, neck and shoulders; tends to reduce the unsightly double chin; strengthens abdominal muscles and reduces the waist measure; at the same time it expands the solar plexus, admitting love and wisdom; and rests the mind upon the universal. It wears so well

because it ministers not only to the spiritual and mental man, but it serves best to correct the most obvious downward tendencies of the body. And it is *economical*—the greatest good in the least time.

I was growing round shouldered when I evolved it, in spite of my always erect carriage and many physical and breathing exercises. No other exercise was enough to correct that stoop. I lamented to William that I seemed to be stooping in spite of myself, and he remarked that he had heard a doctor tell an applicant for insurance to stand in the corner, arms out and lean forward several times, as a corrective. This exercise I combined with breathing, mental statements and spiritual conception. It has done far more than I expected, besides completely overcoming the tendency to round shoulders. Its *persistent* use will prove a blessing to any man or woman.

If you are very round shouldered it will take some time and work to correct it by any method, but it *can* be done. I myself am using with success a small Whitely exerciser for this purpose. Mine is what is called the lightest weight, and it cost $1.25. These can be ordered through any store that carries sporting goods. A sheet of illustrations showing the various kinds of exercises comes with each exerciser. I advise the lightest weight exerciser because it seems to me that

the heavier ones would develop that much more muscle, requiring added exercise to keep it in good condition.

Here are other exercises for the correction of the drooping tendency:

Stand straight about two feet from wall. Place the palms on the wall level with shoulders; without moving the feet or bending the body lean forward, slowly, inhaling slowly as you do so, until the chest touches the wall, head back; then push yourself slowly to an upright position, slowly exhaling as you do it. Repeat ten times or more.

Clasp the hands behind; as you slowly inhale extend the clasped hands slowly downward as far as possible, straightening arms at elbow and lowering shoulders as much as possible, at the same time extending and lifting the chest as far as you can. Hold the breath and the position a moment only, shoulders *down*, chest *out and up*, abdomen *in;* then release the hands and slowly exhale. Repeat only three or four times at first, then after a week or so increase gradually to ten times. A rather vigorous exercise, so go slowly.

Stand about two feet from an ordinary table. Place hands on the edge; inhale slowly through nostrils, at the same time lower yourself forward without bending body, until your body touches the table, *elbows close to sides*, chest out and upward, head back. Slowly exhale as you raise yourself, body straight, to upright position. Repeat four or five times at first, gradually increasing to ten or more.

OTHER PHYSICAL AND BREATH EXERCISES.

Besides the above exercises the last three of which I use irregularly but the first *always*, twenty times night and morning, I use every morning the following movements, ten times for each. These movements are intended to give *all* the muscles of the body enough exercise to keep them in supple condition, and to give special activity to those muscles least used

in the course of the day. In addition to these I rarely miss taking a walk every day, winter or summer, or a short ride on the bicycle. My aim is to take barely enough special exercises to supply the place of natural exercise for which I have not the time. The exercises I now use are the result of much experimentation and elimination. I expect to keep on trying new exercises, evolving, changing, improving, condensing. I advise you to do the same. The more *thought,* the more *interest,* you put into your exercises the better results you get from them.

After the first exercise in the corner, I use the following in the order given, always in my night robe:

Stand straight before the mirror head up, arms extended even with the shoulders; tense muscles of right arm, doubling slowly at the elbow and hand only, until the clenched fist touches the shoulder; at the same time tensing the neck muscles chin up and turning the head slowly to face the clenched fist. As you straighten the right arm tense the muscles of the left and bring the left clenched fist up and over until it touches the left shoulder, at the same time slowly turning the head, chin high, neck muscles tensed, until you face the left fist. Repeat ten to twenty times, taking care not to let the arms from shoulder to elbow droop from the horizontal position.

Stand straight before the mirror, hands at sides: bend as far over to the right as possible, slowly; then to the left as far as possible. Repeat ten times.

Stand straight; droop and double as far forward as possible without bending knees, taking pains to exhale as you double, and to make the torso and arms as limp as possible; straighten slowly and lean as far backward as possible, inhaling fully as you straighten; do not hold the breath. Repeat ten times.

Stand straight, arms at sides; lean as far forward as you

can without bending the knees, and roll the body clear around in a circle to the right, arms and body as limp as possible; repeat five times; then roll it five times to the left.

Stand straight; extend arms easily in front; wave them backward and upward in a sort of reversed swimming movement, until they meet overhead; at the same time bending backward as far as possible; at the same time slowly inhaling a full breath; now bend forward, at the same time exhaling, taking care not to bend the knees, until your fingers touch your toes, head hanging as low as possible, torso and head as limp as possible, fingers reaching toward the floor. Resume upright position, and repeat ten times. Keep the knees straight through all. Aim to stretch the entire body and hands *upward and backward* as far as possible, with the upward motion of the arms. If you can't touch the floor without bending the knees just come as near it as you can. Practice will limber you up until you can do it. Keep at it.

Stand about two feet from the side of the bed, heels nearly touching; now squat quickly down, and up again, touching tips of fingers to the bed if necessary to balance yourself; take pains to squat clear down, not simply half way. Repeat ten times or more.

Another splendid exercise for strengthening and suppling the legs and strengthening the back, is this:

Lie full length on the back on the floor, hands clasped under head; tense the muscles of the right leg, raising the knee slowly until it touches or almost touches the body, at the same time bending the foot *downward* as far as possible, stretching the toes toward the floor; now slowly lower the right leg, still tense, toward the floor, straightening the knee and turning the toes *upward* toward the body; as the right leg is being lowered raise the left one upward in the same way, tensing muscles, knee to chest, toes stretching downward; as the left leg goes down, point the toes and foot *toward the knee;* five times, gradually increasing to ten times or more.

After a few months' steady use of this exercise I found I could bicycle with ease up hills which I could not touch before, and could climb on to the highest trolley without apparent effort.

THE BATH. After completing these exercises I feel as fresh and bright as a new blown rose on a dewy morn. Then I take my bath, which is also a sort of new invention. It takes only ten minutes from the time I go into the bath room until I am out again, feeling like *two* roses! This is the way I do it: Turn on the hot water and let it run until it is about two inches or two and a half deep. Add a little tincture of benzoin to soften the water. This will help to keep the skin smooth and soft.

While the water runs clean the teeth, snuff a little water up the nose, and drink at least one glass of clear, cold water. Turn to the bath tub and scour the finger nails well with soap and a nail brush, then clean the nails and push the cuticle back with an orange stick kept with the brush and soap. Now the water is ready. Let it be as hot as comfortable. Use a soft wash cloth and *good* soap—nothing better than *the best* white castile. Or use pure almond meal instead of soap, for the face. I do. Wash the face, arms, etc., sopping as much hot water on the face and neck as possible. Now turn on the cold water and rinse your face in that, sopping plenty of it on the face and neck. Turn the cold water on full force and let it cool the bath water; draw yourself up to the foot of the tub, knees doubled, then lie back and push yourself up toward the head,

thus mixing the hot and cold water; push yourself to sitting position again; and repeat, until the running cold water has cooled the bath as far as you can stand without too severe a shock. Aim to get it a little cooler every time, until you can stand it quite cold. This gives you all the advantages of the cold bath without the shock, and gives you a bit of effective physical exercise into the bargain, which will strengthen and supple back and waist and exercise the abdominal muscles. Rub down quickly with a turkish towel.

A warm bath is relaxing, and should never be taken in the morning without finishing with cold water. And yet it takes hot water and soap to really clean the body. In combining these two ideas I hit upon the above plan, which I consider fills the bill exactly.

When so situated that these directions cannot be followed use a bowl of hot water and a wash cloth and soap for cleansing, and top off with a quick sponge of as cool water as you can coax yourself to stand.

A hot bath is good at night to relax nerves and muscles and induce sleep.

TO SOFTEN THE SKIN.

Sometimes in the fall the cold water causes a tendency to chapped skin. If so use the following lotion, applying immediately while the skin is still not quite dry.

Keep a bottle of the same preparation near every hand basin and rub a tiny bit into your hands after every washing. If you use it as directed, rubbing a little in after *every* wetting, it will keep your hands soft and white in all weathers and under any conditions. The same liquid is effective for the face, too. Wash the face first, wipe dry and rub in the lotion immediately. Here are the directions for making:

Cut four ounces of glycerine with four ounces spirits of camphor, shaking thoroughly and allowing it to stand over night. Then add one pint of rose water shaking thoroughly. If after standing a week or so there is still a scum of camphor gum strain through a cloth. A simple preparation, is it not? But the most effective thing I ever found for the purpose, and the very nicest to use. If you wish to whiten as well as soften the hands dissolve *six grains* of corrosive sublimate in a little alcohol and add to the mixture before pouring in the rose water. Corrosive sublimate is deadly poison, but this tiny proportion is harmless as the portion of strychnine we are told our bread contains.

CARE OF THE FACE.

After the bath your face may appear shiny. In that case give it a vigorous rubbing with the palms of the hands, taking care to tense the muscles of the face as you rub. Rub the cheeks up and down, the chin and jaws across; rub across the face above and below the lips, "making faces" to harden the flesh as you rub. Rub up and down at the sides of the nose, cheeks tensed, mouth drawn down. Squint the eyes tight, tense the cheeks, and rub vigorously toward the nose, around over the forehead, more lightly down at the temples,

and vigorously across under the eyes and up again. Smooth the forehead upward with the palms of the fingers turned sidewise. Rub across the tight closed eyes three or four times, from temples to nose, slowly, firmly but not too heavily.

Never rub the skin into folds; where you cannot tense the muscles enough to hold the skin smooth under the rubbing, see you rub more lightly. Rub the neck too, throwing the head back and tensing the muscles. Tense your double chin and rub vigorously back and forth from right to left and left to right, with the palms of hands and fingers; taking pains to rub deftly enough, and tense the neck hard enough, to prevent folding and rumpling the skin. Thirty or forty such rubs of a double chin, night and morning, will soon dissipate it.

Rub the face like this each morning, to a healthy glow. It will clear your skin amazingly, and take off the shiny look. But most of the rubbing should be done *before* the bath, not after it, with face and hands perfectly dry. After the bath wait until the face and hands are dry, then rub only enough to take off the gloss. Wiping with a bit of chamois skin will take off gloss. Or wipe the face with a soft linen cloth dipped in the following, let it dry and wipe again with

a dry cloth or chamois. Here is the face wash, the recipe for which was given me by a friend:

Boil one quart of *rain water* and pour it over one pound of Epsom salts and one and one-half ounces of glycerine. When cold add two ounces rose water and twenty drops of benzoin. If you cannot obtain rain water buy distilled water of some druggist. Or use boiled water.

The same sweet friend gave me the recipe for a delicious massage cream which is readily made. It is a satisfaction to make your own creams and to know that they are clean and healing. This one may be used with success for any purpose for which cold cream is ever used. Here it is:

Melt one ounce spermaceti, one ounce white wax and four ounces almond oil in a double boiler. Then with a Dover egg beater beat in *drop by drop* four ounces rose water and *ten drops* tincture of benzoin. If you want a cucumber cream express four ounces of juice from fresh peeled cucumbers and beat this in instead of the rose water. Put away in air tight jar.

Do you want to whiten the skin, or remove moth patches or tan or freckles from the face? The best thing I have found to supplement the washing and rubbing described, is *lemon juice*. To one tablespoonful of fresh strained lemon juice add four tablespoonfuls rain water, or distilled water; or, if you must, use boiled water. Dabble this on your face with a soft cloth, night and morning, and let it dry on. Use for a week, then discontinue for a week, then use again. When the face is dusty from riding, etc., nothing is

more refreshing and cleansing than to wipe the face with a soft cloth wet in this mixture. Lemon and water thus combined will stay fresh only three or four days. If your skin is exceedingly tender add five parts of water to one of lemon juice.

Another good bleach is cucumber juice. Rub the face thoroughly at night, after washing and drying, with a piece of fresh cucumber.

Both these cleansing and bleaching remedies are slightly astringent and tend to do away with enlarged pores, flabbiness, blackheads, pimples, etc. They are all the remedies needed by a woman who exercises and bathes enough, inside and out, to keep her circulation positive. Unless she bathes often, drinks plenty of water, exercises sufficiently, lives on plain foods properly masticated, and thinks high and sweetly, she may use all the remedies in a beauty doctor's shop without having a good complexion. It is cheaper and less trouble, as well as more effective, to live right.

A little *pure* lemon juice dabbled on corns or warts night and morning will take away all soreness and soon heal them.

If you wish to protect the face from the wind, powder it with a little powdered pure French chalk and then wipe off as clean as possible with a soft linen cloth. I met recently a lady who went against all my

prejudices against powdering. She is a dainty little aristocrat over fifty years old and has the most beautiful fine skin. "*What* do you do to keep your skin so dainty?" I asked. "I *powder*," she replied, "I have used pure French chalk ever since I can remember, and my mother used it on me from the time I was born; she and my aunts and my great aunts all used it in the same way, and they all had the finest rose leaf complexions; the use of French chalk to protect the skin against the outdoor air is a tradition in our family." She bathes daily and always powders.

"Why, I wouldn't feel clean without it," she smiled. "And I wouldn't feel clean *with* it!" I laughed.

CARE OF THE HAIR. Many people ask me what to do for the hair to keep it clean and bright and growing. Good hair, like all other good health, begins with healthy blood and circulation. Healthy blood results from healthy thought and correct diet. What is correct diet for one person in one walk of life may be decidedly wrong for another in the same place, or for either under other conditions. Temperament, exercises, etc., all affect the eliminative functions. Too much starchy food, which, being undigested and un-eliminated, produces unhealthy ferments, is probably the greatest cause of all blood

troubles and their effects, such as falling hair, wrinkles, etc.

To correct any physical fault begin with the whole system. Use less, *far* less, starchy and heating foods. Replace these with quantities of fresh, raw fruit at the beginning of every meal. Let tea and sugar and cream severely alone. Take more physical exercise, and especially *fresh air breathing* exercises. Take more baths.

Exercise the scalp by daily massage, by rubbing the scalp briskly with the finger tips, and by pressing the fingers firmly down and moving the scalp around as much as possible on the skull. Shampoo about once a month. If your hair is dry use egg shampoo, and brush the hair daily. If your hair is oily use the best white castile soap with a tiny bit of borax, and use the brush less.

Any druggist can refer you to good hair tonics which may be used to advantage along with the massage and rubbing. Coke's Dandruff Cure is a good tonic, also Herpicide. And the tonic put up by Gervaise Graham is said to be very fine. For a long time I used the Cranitonic hair tonic and other remedies, which can probably be obtained at any drug store. I found the Cranitonic Scalp Soap very pleasant to use. And I have used Birt's Head Wash with pleasure and success. I have used these and other preparations for years and

I have likewise been doing all the other things here recommended and my hair is decidedly thickened and greatly improved under the treatment.

Of course, I attribute most of the improvement to the change in diet and to the massage, but the hair tonics are certainly a help, and a pleasure as well.

And now, remember this,—it takes *time* and resolute *persistence* in well-doing, to make much impression on a head of hair which has been long neglected. But results are *sure.*

Perhaps you will ask me "what thought you are to hold" for dying hair. This is written presumably for those who have *been* "holding the thought" without apparent results—as I did several years. Then it came to me that I must *express* "the thought" in *action.* So I went to studying causes and thinking out what to *do.* I've been doing it. Faith *and works* will accomplish anything. The only thought to hold for dying hair is the thought of LIFE. Keep thinking it right in with every rub of your finger tips, until it gets to thinking itself without special effort.

But the most marked improvement in my hair has come from *pulling it.* I believe Bernarr McFadden originated this treatment. I had read his book on "Hair Culture" (price $1.00) and felt quite enthused. But not enough to move me to *practice.* Then one day

about a year ago I came across the following letter from Dr. C. W. Young to the *Osteopathic World:*

"Two years ago my hair commenced to leave me in liberal quantities and my friends assured me that I was becoming bald. Pursuant to a suggestion in McFadden's *Physical Culture,* I began pulling my hair. A good sized quantity came out, but I persisted in the pulling. I would run the fingers into the hair and get hold of a good sized quantity and pull hard enough to hurt considerably. I also gave the scalp thorough massage. I stretched all parts of the occipito-frontalis muscles very thoroughly. I brushed the hair frequently and once a week washed it thoroughly in castile soap and water. Every morning when taking my cold bath I rubbed the hair with a limited amount of cold water, but not enough to get it thoroughly soaked. Very much water seems to have a deleterious effect. In a few weeks the hair stopped coming out and in a few months the partially bald area began to disappear. Now I think I have a good head of hair. I have had a child weighing ninety pounds catch hold with her fingers in that part of the hair which used to be the thinnest and I have lifted her off her feet and whirled her around in a half circle. My hair was dying because I seemed to have no use for it. I was housed a great deal and when I did go out I had a nice protecting hat. The resistance to my pulling saved its life. It stimulated the circulation of blood in the scalp and forced nourishment into the dying roots. I knew a man they called 'Holy Joe.' As a penance, required by a priest, he walked the streets bareheaded summer and winter and in all kinds of weather. As a result, he developed a magnificent head of hair. What is true of the hair is true of every other portion of the body."

Ever since that I have been pulling my hair vigorously night and morning. My experience with this method has brought splendid results. In the morning after pulling I comb out the hair and coil it in a very loose knot on top of my head. Then with a wash cloth wrung out of *cold* water I dabble the hair and scalp all around the knot, leaving the knot itself dry. The hair is thus dampened without soaking. Afterwards

I "fluff" the hair thoroughly with the finger tips, without undoing the coil, and leave it to dry thoroughly before combing and dressing. I keep up this wetting every day for a week or two at a time, then let it go for a week or weeks. But *every* night and morning I do the pulling act with a will. At first I shampooed with Cranitonic soap once in three weeks. Now I can go for two or three months without needing a shampoo to remove grease and make the hair fluff.

This treatment actually brings the hair to life. Its persistent use will overcome the most stubborn case of falling hair. But *you* must be more stubborn than the hair!—you must *keep pulling.*

To gain enthusiasm for the hair pulling, or for physical exercise, or rational diet, and for new ideas as to methods of practice, take some good magazine. Subscribe for *Physical Culture,* Flatiron Bldg., New York City, price $3.00 per year. Or take *Health Culture,* price $2.00 per year, edited by Elmer Lee, M.D., 1133 Broadway, New York City.

XVI.

Afterword.

The one difficulty with a book like this is that it is apt to be bolted at one gulp by the reader, the consequence being a fit of mental indigestion during which the book is loaned to some friend who fails to return it. The same chapters sent out in the form of "Lessons," the reader receiving but one lesson at a time, gain their proper attention and use, and accomplish in the majority of cases far more good. Simply because each chapter would be leisurely read and re-read, and practiced and re-practiced, before the next was received. Each would be properly *masticated* before bolting, thus insuring perfect assimilation.

This same little book sent out as a $50.00 or $100.00 set of "Lessons" would be well worth the larger price. It is the result of years of experience and reading. The author has read, and practiced, too, scores of expensive "Courses" in all manner of new thought. She assures you that not one of the sets of lessons contains a single idea or mental exercise which is not

as plainly described in books. Many of the new thought books sold now were originally issued as "Lessons," and sold at from twenty to one hundred times the price. They were, and still are, worth the higher price to anyone *who has self-command enough to masticate their contents.*

I want you to masticate this book and let it prove its value. It will take you *at least a year* to do it. I have been practicing it for *ten* years or more.

Read the book clear through without stopping, if you want to. Then re-read it a little at a time, every day, for at least a year. Have a special time for this, and after reading go into the silence and listen to the spirit.

Take up only a few of the exercises at first, the ones which strike you as best adapted to your present needs. To try to use all those exercises at once would be too burdensome, and you would surely fizzle out. I practiced meditation and silence several years before adding even the breathing exercises. Then I added one little breathing exercise, when I *wanted* to. Later I picked up the physical exercises, daily bath, etc., in the same way, adding one at a time as I felt I *wanted* to. Always I have avoided burdening myself to the point of drudgery. Always I have sought the *joy* of it, varying the exercises and *jollying* myself along a little at a time, getting as much fun out of it

as I possibly could. Always I aimed to get the most good with the least number of exercises and movements. And it takes *thought and interest* to do that. *One exercise done with interest and enjoyment is worth a dozen duty exercises.*

So aim high, dearie, but don't climb faster than you can *with pleasure.* You have all eternity ahead! And every inch of eternity is just like *now;* so get all the fun you can out of the one exercise you are doing *now.*

The wisest man is the one who gets the greatest joy from the thing he chooses to do *now.* Cultivate the art of jollying yourself!

Of course in your daily reading you are not to take the book consecutively. Dip into it wherever you can gain the most inspiration. The first half, or more, of the book will bear many readings, with profit to the reader. It is here you gain that which makes you *want* to do things. Read the latter chapters once in a while, to refresh your memory. *Every time you re-read new ideas will come to you. Ask the spirit in you for new sermons daily on these texts.* This is the means by which you will gain the true value of this book, and grow in grace of soul, mind and body.

My joy of living and loving and growing I give unto you, gentle reader.

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